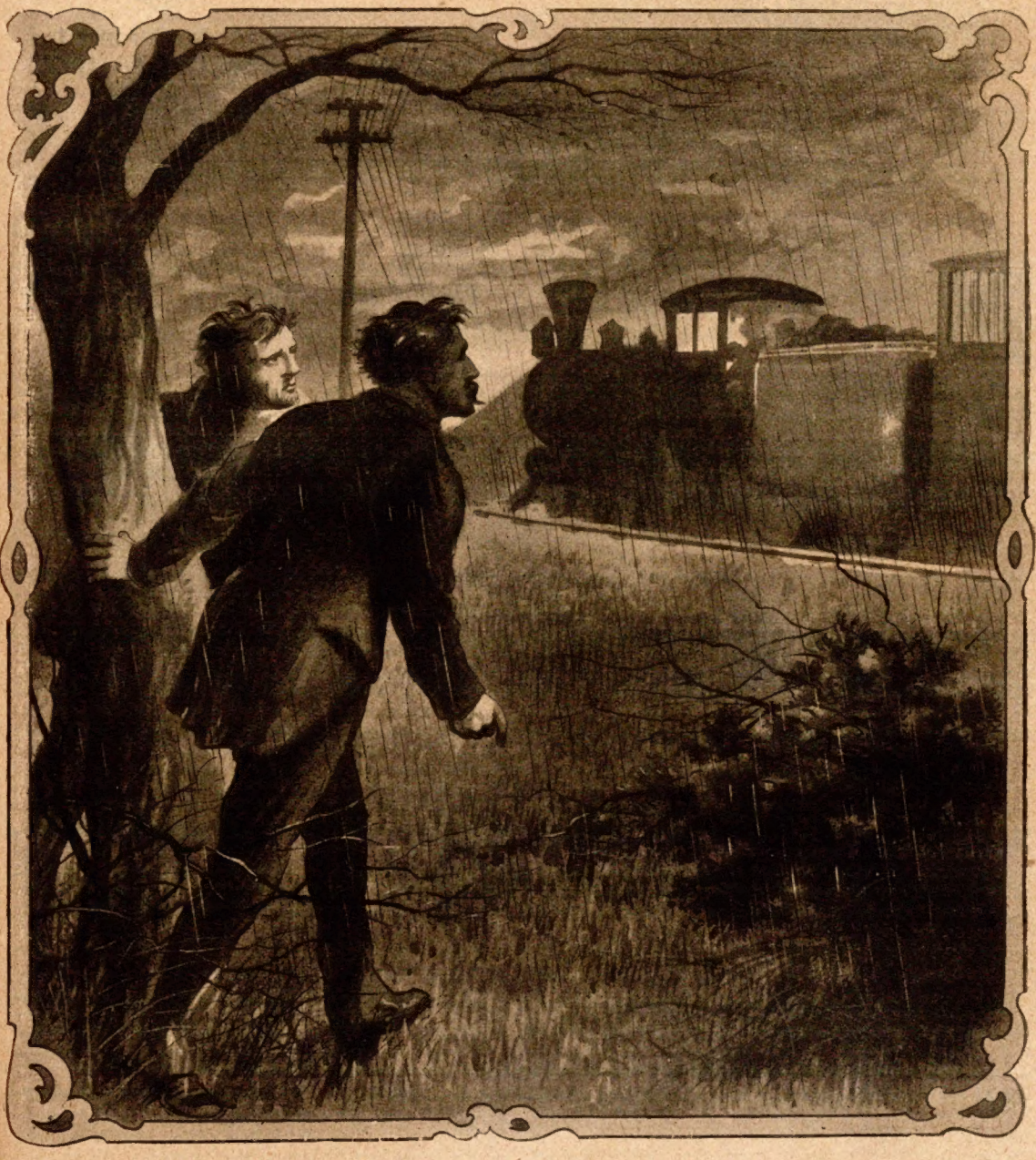
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



BIDWELL AND HIS COMPANIONS ESCAPE ON A CATTLE TRAIN.

Vol. VII.—No. 93.

The BIDWELL FORGERIES.

Life Work and Punishment of George Bidwell, who robbed the Bank of England of £250,000.

"'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still."
—ALEXANDER POPE, "Essay on Man."

PART I.

ALTHOUGH murder is the greatest offence known against the Law, the murderer is far from being the cleverest criminal. On the contrary, he is usually the most simple and consequently the first to fall into the traps laid for him by the detectives.

The most difficult law-breaker to capture is the forger in a large way of business. He is of necessity a man of great intellectual attainments, and he invariably possesses a power of foresight which if applied to lawful ends would ensure him success in any walk of life. Foremost among these stand George Bidwell, a man who preyed upon society to an extent which has never been equalled.

Bidwell was the son of an American merchant, who at the time of his birth was comparatively well off. The "business man" was only such in name, for being by education a rigid follower of the Methodist Sect, he thought that all men were as guileless as himself and was an easy prey to all who choose to impose upon him. Time after time his friends borrowed money from him, till at last the pious merchant was ruined and started again in another part of America, only to lose all his possessions as soon as he had accumulated enough property to bring him to the notice of the "crooked community."

When George Bidwell was only nine years old, his father had just experienced another of his reverses, and something had to be done to support the family. Accordingly the boy took to peddling sweetstuff and apples, and thus kept the wolf from the door till Bidwell, senior, was able to make a fresh start. In 1845 the family moved to Toledo, Ohio, from Adrian, where the last failure had taken place. There George set up a stall and managed it fairly well, amassing what was to the boy a fortune of fifteen dollars, or, roughly, £3. Matters were prosperous at Toledo for four years, when the merchant was again victimised; this time by a New Orleans sharper, and ruin overtook him once more.

A transfer was immediately made to Grand Rapids, where, tether with George, he started a confectionery business. George was really a clever youth, and soon acquired he control of his father's shop. Such ability did he show for trading that in five years he had established a nagnificent connection in his line, and the Bidwell fam was again in good circumstances. But at that juncture idwell père thought it was time that he had an active hd in the conduct of the enterprise, and a year sufficed dissipate all the carefully hoarded earnings of the previous five years.

After this reverse George Bidwell set out to make his own fortune in New York. He was moderately successful, and at length married. Up to this time he had never had the slightest thought of doing anything dishonest, and was accounted as a religious man. Shortly after his marriage, however, he got into slight pecuniary difficulties, and to tide over them made use of some of the money which he had collected for his employers and which he was not bound to pay into the counting-house for at least a month. When the time for payment came George could not make good the defalcation, but had to borrow more from the firm. He was not discovered, however, and at length managed to obtain sufficient cash to adjust the little matter. He then left the firm he was working for, wishing to make a fresh start elsewhere. A month later it was discovered that a customer had paid Bidwell ten dollars which had never been credited to him, and George was arrested on a charge of embezzlement. As a matter of fact, it was a pure accident that the money had not been entered in the travellers' book, and as Bidwell immediately tendered payment, he was discharged. The incident caused the heads of the firm to examine their books very carefully, and it was seen that on previous occasions money had not been paid in on the right date. They at once communicated with Bidwell's new employers, with the result that he was discharged.

Determined to be his own master, George then took a shop in New York. The rent was to be one hundred dollars a week, payable in advance each month. A fortnight was allowed him to get into possession and to have his fittings put up, and then the first month's rent was to be paid. When the day arrived, Bidwell found that he had only sixteen dollars in the world, besides being in debt for the fittings. He therefore decided to borrow elsewhere, and out of the money received pay his pressing creditors. He managed to get hold of six hundred dollars and thus put himself straight for a time, and in three months had repaid all that he owed.

It was then that he met a man named Hilton, who really was his criminal tutor. This individual said that he would show Bidwell a most lucrative form of business. The pair were to buy large quantities of groceries and stores on six months' credit, giving notes of hand for them, and sell them off at once, having the use of the money for the period until the notes matured. That was a perfectly legitimate proceeding, but Hilton was a clever rascal. To get the goods he told Bidwell that he must give him notes signed in blank, and that he would then purchase the articles from anyone who would accept his paper in payment. Bidwell was fool enough to do so, with the result

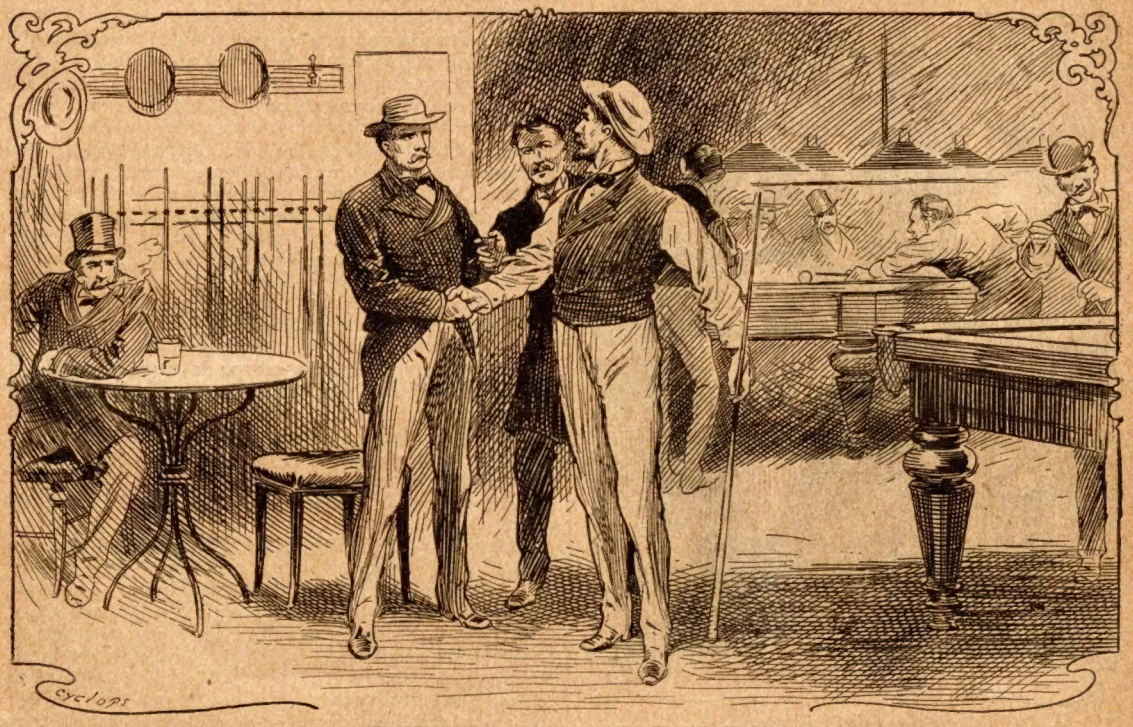
that day after day people came in to him asking him if he would be able to meet the drafts when they fell due. He assured them that he would. Still the articles never arrived, and Hilton told him that the merchants had decided not to take his bills. When pressed for the notes, Hilton said that he had torn them up, and this assurance satisfied George. Later on he discovered that his partner had purchased upwards of thirty thousand dollars' worth of furniture and such like merchandise, paying for it with the drafts which he said had been destroyed.

While these negotiations were going on the business proper was neglected, and money was getting short. To amass enough to help him out of his difficulties Bidwell then invented a steam kettle which he left New York to exploit, and on his return found that his premises had been sold up during his absence and that Hilton had fled. This was the turning point of his career.

A week or two after the disaster, while playing billiards in a saloon, Bidwell was introduced to a man named Frank Kibbe, and soon got on intimate terms with him. Kibbe told him that he had started a commission office, but that he was afraid to go near the place as some creditors wanted him badly, and at the same time said:

"I have received some goods from New York and have turned them over to Messrs. So-and-So, commission agents, to sell for me; they have done so, but I am afraid to go and collect the proceeds of the sale as I have not paid for the articles. Now I will give you an order for the cash, and if you will collect it you can have half for yourself." The idea at first did not commend itself to Bidwell, who saw that Kibbe was simply swindling his creditors; however, he reflected that he had been swindled by Hilton and that doubtless many other business men did the same thing, so he consented to do as he was asked, believing that he ran no risk. He got the money and received $500 for himself. Then Kibbe, who was later known as "The Rogue," explained to him his methods of obtaining money when he wanted it, and Bidwell thought that it was an easy way of making a fortune, and went into partnership with his new friend.

The pair went to Providence, R.I., and took an office, having a gaudy sign put up over the doors stating that they were "commission agents." They next opened an account at the local bank, giving false names which they had assumed. Then all was ready to start operations. They bought and paid for a hundred barrels of flour and other bulky articles which would make a show. After this they sent small orders to New York houses, paying for them by cheques which were duly honoured. Large orders succeeded, and then wholesale consignments. The plan was that when they had amassed sufficient goods they were to sell the bulk of it and ship the rest to another town to form the nucleus of another "commission agency" under fresh names. Of course the wholesale houses would never see their money. All being ready, Kibbe proposed that Bidwell should go down to New York, and that he should sell some of the ill-gotten groceries and ship the rest to him. George agreed, and went to the city, but when he got there he waited in vain for any letters or goods. Getting suspicious, he returned to Providence and found that Kibbe had sold most of the stuff to a wholesale grocer at a discount for cash, and had fled. Bidwell found about three thousand dollars' worth of material at the goods station, and, having sold that, also quitted Providence hurriedly, leaving no address behind him.



INTRODUCED TO A MAN NAMED FRANK KIBBE.

The first thing to be done was to catch Kibbe and make him disgorge some of the $20,000 which he had pocketed over the transaction. Taking a friend with him, George set out for all the principal cities of North America, but no trace could they find of the missing Rogue. At last, as they were walking down the main street of Buffalo one morning, they spotted a brand new sign announcing that Messrs. Harvey, Short, and Co. were produce brokers. The place was very suggestive of Kibbe and his methods. Knowing his man, Bidwell felt certain that if the store belonged to him he would stop at the best hotel, and accordingly walked to the principal hostelry in Buffalo and inspected the visitors' book. There he found a signature which was in Kibbe's handwriting, and at once set off for a detective.

With the "tec" the two friends waited outside the hotel, and before long out came the Rogue. He caught sight of the party at once, and set off as fast as his legs could carry him. After a chase of about a mile, Bidwell, who was very active, caught his former partner and asked him to disburse before the detective came up. Kibbe protested that he had only got $600 on him, but promised that if Bidwell would let him go he would bring the rest round to him on the following morning. Before any decision was made on this point, the detective and George's friend arrived, and the Rogue was described as a man who owed Bidwell a large sum of money, which he could pay, but which he would not. All four went round to the police station. There the chief suggested that, as the detectives wanted to be paid, the officer should go with Kibbe to borrow the money, and that Bidwell should remain where he was at the office. This was agreed to, and after ten minutes the policeman returned and spoke a few words to the chief, who at once literally kicked George out of the office. The

Offered them a large quantity of tea.

detectives had taken the $600 for the service. That was Bidwell's first experience of bribing the police of America.

Inquiry at the store showed them that the office boy was actually Harvey, Short, and Co., and that he was a dupe of Kibbe's. When he found that he had been done, he told them that he had just received a note from Kibbe asking him to meet him in Canada on the following day, and bring with him whatever money there was in the office. Accordingly they told him to write and say that he would be there, and never allowed him out of their sight till he kept the appointment with his master. Kibbe, being fairly caught, parted with $2,400 in cash, and gave bills of lading to the value of $8,000. These bills were immediately presented, the merchandise cleared and sold, and George fled to new pastures.

Thinking that he might as well have another attempt at earning an honest livelihood, Bidwell answered an advertisement which stated that a gentleman was looking for a partner with $5,000 in cash. The gentleman was one Doctor Samuel Bolivar, and two days' acquaintance with the doctor showed George that he was an adept at the art of relieving people of their superfluous cash. The temptation was great, and he abandoned his resolution to be honest and took Bolivar into partnership, but did not disburse the money asked for.

As a start Bolivar was directed to take a suite of offices at the corner of Beaver and Broad Streets in New York, and a sign, in the names of Messrs. L. and Co., put up over the door. Establishing Bolivar there, George set out for New Haven, taking with him another man to assist him. On the way an old signboard was purchased with the name of Smith and Sons on it, and this was erected over the premises which Bidwell selected in New Haven. After this the senior partner returned to New York.

Going round with Jones, his assistant, Bidwell then made purchases of staple goods to the value of fifteen thousand dollars, giving the bogus New York firm of L. and Co. as a reference. When inquiries were made, of course Bolivar said that he would not hesitate to supply Smith and Sons with goods to the extent of ten thousand dollars. On this the wholesale firms had no hesitation in supplying the articles asked for.

When sufficient had been purchased, and ready for shipment to New Haven, there to be distributed throughout the country for sale, Jones, at the last minute, decided to buy a grand piano, and went to the principal firm in the city to obtain one, which cost $1,000, on credit, of course. The New York Piano Company said that they would ship the instrument to New Haven for him. Apparently their suspicions were aroused, and they wrote to their correspondents at New Haven making inquiries as to the stability of the firm of Smith and Sons. The reply they received determined them not to go further in the matter, and they shipped off an empty piano case together with a cheeky letter to "Mr. Smith." Fortunately, the New Haven police were informed of the transaction, and they went down to the quay and watched all the bales and packages which had arrived consigned to Messrs. Smith and Sons. This put an end to the enterprise, for it was too dangerous for Bidwell to claim the goods. Therefore he returned at once to New York by the next boat, and a perfect stranger was employed to go to New Haven and re-ship the goods to New York. The man went, but declared that he could not get them. Subsequently it transpired that he did obtain the merchandise, but shipped it to himself, and thus cleared a nice little profit.

After this little accident, which prevented the big swindle from coming off as it should have done, Bolivar and Bidwell went to Wheeling, West Virginia, and there purchased a tobacconist's shop from a Mr. Ott, and styled themselves S. S. Bovar and Co. They gave Ott bills at three months in payment, and had intended to get in all the wholesale tobacco that they could and decamp before the three months expired. At last, however, they decided to stop where they where for some time longer as they actually did manage to work up a fine business connection. When Ott's bills became due he was paid.

No sooner was this done than a man who styled himself "J. M. Eldridge" came to Messrs. Bovar and offered them a large quantity of tea at a remarkably low price. Bidwell, or, as he called himself, "Cole," bought the tea and sent all but one case of it to a large Cincinnati house to be disposed of. That one case nearly proved their ruin.

It appears that Eldridge had omitted the little formality of paying for the tea, and was tracked to Wheeling, where it was easily shown that the whole consignment had been sold to Bovar and Co. A search warrant was obtained, and the tobacconist's shop ransacked, when the one unlucky case was discovered. It could not be proved that Cole knew what he was buying, though there were grave reasons for believing that he was a party to the fraud. To trap his quarry, Constable Pender bribed the local postmaster to let him examine all letters addressed to the firm, and to send him a copy of every telegram sent to or from the house of Bovar and Co.

Neither Eldridge nor Cole knew anything about this private arrangement and corresponded freely. By this means Pender found out exactly where Eldridge was hiding,

and went after him with a warrant. He was arrested and handcuffed. Then he was taken on the train to return to Wheeling and prison. But Eldridge was a man of resource, and when the train was running at about twenty miles an hour jumped out of the window and made good his escape for the time. He had great difficulty in getting rid of the handcuffs, but a kindly farmer's wife broke the rivets with a coal hammer, and, after giving him a meal, handed him a dollar and bade him good day.

Having no idea how his address had been obtained, he at once wired to Cole for supplies, and thus a second time fell into the hands of the police.

When news of the arrest came to Bovar and Co. they realised that they were in a certain amount of danger, and as a precautionary measure Bidwell, or Cole, left Wheeling and went to Evansville. Bolivar, who was the "Bovar" of the firm, remained behind and corresponded with his absent partner. Thus Pender learnt Bidwell's whereabouts and telegraphed to the Evansville constables to arrest him on a charge of felony. Bovar and the office clerk, Wesley, were also taken into custody, and all four were arraigned and charged with conspiracy to defraud, the indictment for felony being rejected. They were found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the county gaol.

In those days the American gaols were not conducted in the same manner as at present, the prisoners having ample opportunity of meeting and playing cards all the day and only being confined in their cells at night. Thus escapes were often planned, and frequently carried out successfully.

There was in the prison when our hero entered it a man of the name of Shelton, who had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for horse-stealing. He had become genuinely pious, but for all that was anxious to regain his liberty at the first opportunity, and persuaded Eldridge and two other convicts named Green and Morgan to join with him. They selected for their attempt a very hot night in the summer of 1865, when the gaoler had left the heavy wooden doors of the cells open to give the prisoners some fresh air, leaving them confined solely by light iron gates.

Shelton pressed Bidwell to join him before he started, but George would not go. The method adopted to break the prison was as follows: Shelton, who was a small, thin man, capable of performing any number of acrobatic tricks, managed to open the gate of his cell by squeezing part of his body through the bars and catching at the sliding bolt with a hook which he had made. He then released the other three men, and all set to work to dig a hole into a wide chimney which they knew ran behind the wall at the end of the corridor in which the cells were situated. With a little difficulty, they got out four bricks, and thus entered the flue, down which they scrambled. In doing so one of the party disturbed some mortar, which fell rattling down, and alarmed the night watchman, who rushed into the boiler-room, where he saw the soot-begrimed quartette. He was frightened and ran away, but the gaoler, being roused by his yells, rushed out with a revolver just as the first of the convicts ran up the stairs from the basement. Shelton tore past him, and, though fired at, escaped unhurt up the steps leading to the upper corridors. Eldridge had a like lucky escape, but Morgan, who came third, was shot, and fell backwards to the ground. Green, who was just behind him, never hesitated for a moment, but sprang over his comrade's body and charged the gaoler, who fired point blank at him, but did not hit him.

When the fugitives reached the upper floor they jumped through a window, a distance of twenty feet or more, into the street, and made off into the woods which surround Wheeling. For several days they wandered about, feeding on the berries which abounded, and then made for Ohio.

Crossing the Ohio River, Green and Shelton were drowned, but Eldridge escaped almost miraculously, and eventually reached safety in New York. Morgan died almost immediately on being shot.

Bidwell formulated a plan of escape for himself, and actually did manage to partially saw through a couple of bars in the window of his cell, but another prisoner, who became aware of the scheme, gave information to the gaoler, and Bidwell, and his clerk Wesley, were sentenced not to leave their cells at all, day or night, for the rest of their terms. They had no intention, however, to complete those terms, and we shall see how they avoided doing so.

After the discovery of the attempt to cut the bars, the damaged bars were not replaced by new ones, but were merely strengthened by bolting pieces of iron on to them. The bolts were fastened by square nuts. One of Bidwell's prison mates, by name Marks, made a wrench out of wood and copper wire which would unscrew the nuts. This took time, and it was Christmas day before all was ready, for Marks had also to make a wooden key which would unlock the door of Bidwell's cell. A life convict named Peney was also invited to join the flight, and agreed.

On Christmas Day the prisoners were to have an extra

Handed him a dollar.

good dinner, so the four friends determined to wait and eat that first, and then, when the gaoler was drowsy after his festivities, to unscrew the bolts, break the partially cut bars out with blows with a heavy cast iron sink-cover which they had secreted, and spring into the prison back yard, whence it was easy to scale the wall and thus gain their liberty.

All this was carried out without a hitch, and the four were free at last. Immediately they made for the river, and had the extreme good fortune to find a boat moored there. This they annexed, and got down the river as far as Belmont, about four miles distant. There they climbed on to the top of a cattle train, and by morning were seventy miles away from Wheeling. Thence by easy stages they made good their escape.

After this flight from the clutches of the law, Bidwell was anxious to be at his old games again, and journeyed to New York. There he met Hilton, who, it will be remembered, ran away from him once before. Explanations were asked for, and Hilton expressed his sorrow, and said that he could not at that moment repay the money which he owed him, but that he would put him on to a good

thing, and therefore introduced him to a clever forger named Wilkes. On being assured that Bidwell was the man they had been looking for, Wilkes told him that he had procured a genuine draft from a San Francisco firm on Messrs. Bowen, McNamee, and Co., and that on presentation of this for payment the firm had stamped their acceptance on it and made it payable at their bank in the Broadway, The National. This discovery led to the conception of a scheme for obtaining money.

Wilkes had got Hilton to prepare him two books of blank drafts which had the names of St. Louis houses on them ready printed in. He had also manufactured stamps which would exactly imitate those used by Bowen, McNamee, and Co. A room was engaged in Stevens House, Lower Broadway, and a man hired to act as servant to Bidwell. Early in the morning Wilkes was smuggled into the new office, and everything was arranged.

Taking a book of blank drafts, Bidwell strolled into the offices of a firm of gold and bullion brokers. "What price gold?" he asked. "One eighty," was the reply. "I will take thirty thousand dollars," continued the rascal. Saying this he drew from his pocket the draft-book and remarked to the clerk, "I shall have to send this up to my correspondents for acceptance." Then he called his servant, who had been waiting outside the office, and gave him the draft, saying, "Here, James, take this up to Bowen, McNamee's, have it accepted and bring it back to me." Off went James, but it was to the little office in Stevens House, instead of to McNamee and Co. There Wilkes affixed the facsimile acceptance, and the draft was sent back to Bidwell at the broker's chambers.

The broker examined the acceptance, and then said that as he did not know Bidwell he would have to send it over to the National Bank, at which it was made payable, for the cashier there to certify it. Just as the messenger was leaving the door, Bidwell stepped up to him and asked him how long he would be. This was done really to be able to point out the man to Wilkes, who was to shadow him and find out if all was right at the bank. If it was, then the party would draw the $30,000 in gold and decamp.

Wilkes was a nervous man, and somehow or other managed to lose sight of the commissionaire. Accordingly, the conspirators thought that it was not safe for them to go back to the broker's office for the gold, and instead tried the same game on another firm of brokers, using the second draft-book in place of the first. This time Wilkes again lost the messenger, and the enterprise had to be abandoned after the confederates had spent a thousand dollars in making preparations.

But though on this occasion Bidwell failed to get the money he wanted, he was not always unsuccessful in Wall Street. A short time later, assisted by Engles, who earned for himself the sobriquet of "The Terror of Wall Street," he managed to draw out almost the whole of a firm's money besides obtaining possession of about $50,000 in gold in one day.

ALL THIS WAS CARRIED OUT WITHOUT A HITCH.

With the proceeds of this splendid forgery Bidwell determined to make a foreign tour in company with Engles, who was the actual forger in many cases, and George McDonald, who subsequently stood with him in the Old Bailey dock. Shortly before George Bidwell started for England, his brother Austin begged to be one of the party, and reluctantly George consented, intending merely to take him as an outsider who might be of use in seeing about lawyers if any of the gang were arrested.

The four had not been in London many days when they separated, George to go to France for four days, and McDonald to see some of his relatives in Ireland. There he asked Austin to accompany him, and the morning that they were to start they went to a tailor named Green, in Saville Row, where Austin Bidwell had purchased some clothes, and asked him to allow his customer to deposit £2,000 with him till the following Monday. McDonald left the shop while this was being done. Green objected to having so much money in his safe, and suggested that

Austin should accompany him to the Western Branch of the Bank of England, where he had an account. This Bidwell did, McDonald following him in a cab. At the bank Green introduced Austin to Mr. Fenwick.

To the latter it was explained that there was no occasion to open an account, as the deposit was only for a few days. To this Fenwick demurred and begged his new client to take a cheque-book and leave his signature. Austin protested that as he would be leaving the country almost immediately there was no need for that, but he was persuaded by the assistant manager and did deposit £1,200.

It must be explained that when the party came to London they were much astonished at the demand which was made on them to endorse Bank of England notes, and, as all of them had been in the habit of using aliases, they frequently wrote ridiculous or fictitious names on them. Thus it was that Austin Bidwell was known to his tailor as Warren, and it was in that name that he opened his account with the Bank of England.

As soon as the friends met again, George Bidwell was told about "Warren's" account, and as he had decided that there was really no opening for a "speculation" in England, he could not see what use it was to be to anyone. He, himself, intended to go to Rio de Janeiro on the off chance of finding some credulous people there, and as most of the money he had put in the bank was his, he wanted his brother to withdraw it at once.

Warren forthwith went to the bank and told Mr. Fenwick that he had come to take out the money which he had so lately deposited. Again the manager pointed out to him the advantages which he would derive from having an account with the first bank in the world, and proposed that half the sum at least should remain. Austin declared that he expected to use all the money in the course of a few days, and wished to have it handed over to him. At length the importunity of the banker prevailed, and he agreed to allow the odd money to remain.

We have said that George went to France for four days. What led him there? Before leaving New York, Engles had got hold of several letters of credit issued by the North Wales Bank, Liverpool, which had been picked from a traveller's pocket. The thief found that the papers were worthless to him, so sold them for a mere song to the forger. On the way over from America George Bidwell and Engles matured a plan by which they might make use of the letters which had fallen into their hands.

First of all Bidwell purchased a circular letter of credit from the London and Westminster Bank. He selected that particular institution because it was much respected on the Continent and because it did not trouble then to make inquiries regarding the character of the purchaser. To the letter were attached, as usual, a few notes corresponding to the amount paid for it. In this case only a very small sum was deposited.

The clever rogues then obtained some paper with a lithographed heading identical with that used by the bank, and drew up three similar notes, addressed to three large French business houses. The names of the firms have been lost, but for convenience we will call them Messrs. Green and Co., Bordeaux; Lamare et Cie, Marseilles; and Phillipe Frères, Lyons. The towns are actually where the transactions took place. The letters ran as follows, and were written on the bank paper:

"London and Westminster Bank,
"London, March 22, 1872.

"Messrs. Green and Co., Bordeaux, France.

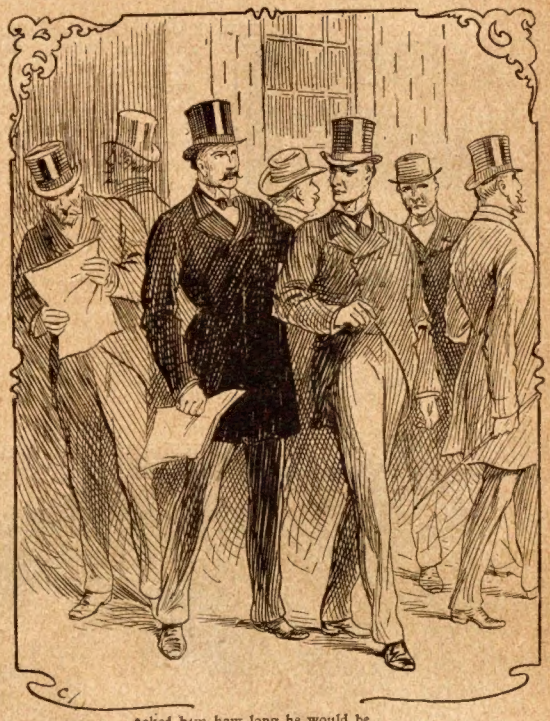
"GENTLEMEN,—A valued customer of ours, Mr. Thomas Hooker, is about to visit your city. Mr. Hooker holds our circular letter of credit, also special letters of credit issued by the Bank of North Wales. We shall take pleasure in honouring any drafts which he may have occasion to draw against these. Whatever you may find it convenient to do in forwarding his business affairs or contributing to his enjoyment, will, as occasion offers, be cordially reciprocated.—I remain, gentlemen, very sincerely,

"* * * *

"Manager, London and Westminster Bank."

A seal similar to that used by the bank had been made, and the letters were sealed in official envelopes and sent off by post. On the same day as they were posted George Bidwell crossed from Dover to Calais, taking with him the genuine letter of credit on the London and Westminster Bank and three forged ones purporting to be issued by the North Wales Bank, which were the handiwork of Engles. Letters had also been sent to "Thomas Hooker, Esq.," care of the firms whose pockets were to be lightened.

Arrived at Bordeaux, Thomas Hooker, for such was Bidwell for the four days, took a carriage and drove to the offices of Messrs. Green and Co. There he asked to see the managers and asked if there were any letters for him.



Asked him how long he would be.

One was handed to him immediately, and the partners of the firm were most anxious to know if they could do anything to assist him, at the same time inviting him to dinner and proposing to drive him round the city.

Hooker explained that he had an agent waiting for him at Bayonne, where he had just purchased an estate, and that having been recommended to the firm, he hoped that they would oblige him by cashing his draft to the extent of two thousand pounds, and endorse the amount on his letter of credit. At the same time he handed them one of the forged documents. Mr. Green, sen., said it was customary for French banks to require twenty-four hours' notice before cashing cheques, and suggested that their new acquaintance should remain till the following day, promising to try and make his visit as pleasant as possible for him. This would not suit Thomas Hooker, who regretted the custom, and told them that it was imperative that he should get to Bayonne that very evening, and added that he supposed that the bankers would not mind cashing a cheque to oblige the firm of Green and Co., without receiving the usual notice. The senior partner said that he believed the matter could be arranged, and left George with the other heads of the house while he went personally and obtained the money.

TO BE CONCLUDED

DRAMATIC SCENE IN COURT.

A Forty-three days trial for the Murder of

EDWARD DELANY

BY

JAMES MOORE

In Ireland.

"The victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly, yet so devilish too;
Who, armed at once with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands and Scripture on their lips."
—TOM MOORE, "Corruption and Intolerance."

IT was Ascension Day, May 22, 1873, the morning of which broke in the little Irish town of Mountrath and its neighbouring villages in the fair Queen's County with the promise of a beautiful spring day; as Robert Browning puts it:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Yes, on the delightful May morn which ushered in Ascension Day of 1873 in that part of the Emerald Island all seemed well with the world, and the colleens and their bhoys were dressed in their Sunday best, whilst the priests were abroad early for mass and the religious services due upon such an occasion. Pat, obedient and devout, looked serious enough as he doffed his soft felt rimless hat and tucked his indispensable holiday accompaniment—the shillelah—under his arm. And possibly he will have need of it before the day is out, for if the morning is to commence with praying and confessing, with dutiful regard for the soul, the rest of the day is to be spent in holiday-making in true Irish fashion. So there will be dancing and drinking after noon, and as the "cratur" warms the heart and flies to Pat's pate there will be some treading on the tails of the coat and not a few skulls cracked, whilst the whisky shops will have a busy time.

Amongst the well-known bhoys of the village are two who hail from the same townland; but with half a glance one can see that there is no love lost between them. The bigger man's name is Jimmy Moore, and, with his little, piercing eyes and high cheekbones, he gives one the impression of possessing more of the brute than the man about him, and his scowl at the other individual, whose name is Ed Delany, marks him at once as a villainous-looking character. The smaller man of the two has rather an agreeable Irish "mug," and there is a mischievous expression about his countenance suggesting that the owner possesses much of the genuine native wit.

But they are not on speaking terms, and the gossips say that their unfriendliness has its origin with some colleen—in fact, as usual, a woman is at the bottom of it all. Although they are both in the same church, and receive the same blessing, they give each other a wide berth, and when the service is over they go their respective ways without a collision, but with the hatred for each other unquelled by the sermon which has preached peace and good will to all men.

The day passes merrily after the religious services are

HE RIFLED DELANY'S POCKETS.

Life of Charles Peace.

CHAPTER LXVI.—(Continued.)

MRS. MUMMS came and cleared up his house. He treated her liberally—gave her a plentiful supply of beer and gin, and she was greatly pleased with her new employer.

She went her ways, and in about a fortnight was again hired by our cunning detective.

In the evening she was directed by Mrs. Wrench to dust and clean her husband's library. While she was occupied with this task Mr. Wrench entered. The charwoman was about to withdraw, but the detective requested her to remain.

"Don't go, Mrs. Mumms," said Wrench. "I want to have a little conversation with you. Sit down."

The woman looked a little surprised, or it might be alarmed, but did as she was requested.

Mr. Wrench closed the door of the room, and then took a seat himself. As a preliminary, he insisted upon his companion taking a glass of something short. This done, he proceeded to business.

"I cannot find the person of whom I am in search," said he. "Will you just answer one or two questions. Mind you, I will make it worth your while. I don't expect anybody to work for nothing."

"In course not, sir. You're a different sort of gentleman to that."

"Well, you see, Mrs. Mumms, it has occurred to me that probably the party to whom I allude is passing under a different name."

"Likely enough, sir; but I hope as how he ain't bin doing anything wrong."

"Oh, dear me, no such thing. But, now, tell me—there is a gentleman living at the house owned by Miss Stanbridge, or has been, eh?"

"She's always had a relation—a cousin or nephew, I believe he is—living with her. She brought him up from a mere lad, so I've been told, but he ain't there so much as he used to be, and of late I've not seen much of him."

"Ah! a relation, eh?"

"Yes; so I believe. But he's not the party you are in search of. He's been there for years."

"And is not there somebody else?"

"Yes, lately there has been."

"And do you know his name?"

"Certainly—Mr. Gatliffe."

"You've been given to understand. Now, tell me plainly. This Mr. Gatliffe is living with her not as a lodger but as——"

"I shouldn't like to say, sir. It ain't no business of mine. There's a good many couple a-living together as ain't man and wife, but that's nobody's business but their two selves. They both on 'em act on the square as far as I'm concerned, and there's no call for me to round on 'em."

"A very proper observation on your part. I wish everyone had your discretion, Mrs. Mumms; but you need not be afraid of speaking frankly to me. I know they are living together without your telling me so, and you know it."

"S'pose I do, what of that? He's a fine, honourable young fellow as ever stepped in shoe leather, and everybody likes him."

"That is true enough; but he is not there always—only occasionally."

"No, he's not always there; but I do hope and trust that you don't intend him any harm."

Mr. Wrench burst out into a loud laugh.

"Oh, dear me, no. Harm, indeed! Of course not. What could have put that into your head?"

"Oh, I begs parding, sir. Meant no offence, but I should be sorry to get anybody into trouble."

"You are not likely to do that. Now, answer me one question before you go. See, here are five sovereigns; if you answer me truly, they are yours."

Mrs. Mumms was astounded at the sight of five sovereigns. Her breath seemed to be taken away.

"Do you consent?" cried her companion in a severe tone.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Speak the truth, that's all. Mr. Gatliffe and Miss Stanbridge occupy one bedroom when he visits the house. I know they do, but that is one thing—I want to hear it from your lips."

"Well, then, they do occupy but one bedroom."

"In short, he is to all intents and purposes her husband—in every respect but the marriage ceremony?"

"I should suppose so; but I do hope you are not going to bring them into trouble. I wish I had not said anything about them."

"Don't you be alarmed; nobody will interfere with your pair of turtle doves," observed Mr. Wrench, with a short laugh. "Be of good cheer, Mrs. Mumms, and take up the money."

He handed the gold pieces to his companion, who wrapped them up in a piece of dirty, crumpled paper, and transferred them to her pocket, without saying a word.

"What is the name of the girl who is servant to the establishment?" asked the detective carelessly.

"Her name? Oh, Susan."

"Susan what?"

"Susan Tarver."

"Thank you." Mr. Wrench wrote it down on a sheet of note paper which lay on the table before him.

Mr. Wrench had now obtained as much as was necessary for his purpose, the cumbrous and expensive machinery of the law could be put in motion as soon as Mr. Chicknell and his aristocratic client chose. Mr. Wrench hastened to the lawyer's office, and after this the sagacious attorney hastened down to Broxbridge.

CHAPTER LXVII

Mr. Chicknell knew perfectly well that he would be a welcome visitor to his client's ancestral home, and he was in the best of spirits when he passed into the vestibule of the grand old mansion.

Earl Ethalwood was busily engaged in his laboratory when the lawyer made his appearance.

Aveline and Miss Jamblin had been sent to London for a change, under the charge of the good-tempered and vivacious Lady Marvlynn, so that the master of Broxbridge was without the companionship of the young ladies or the gouvernante.

He consented to part with them upon the condition that their visit to the metropolis was not of too protracted a duration.

To say the truth, Aveline did pretty much as she liked, and her grandfather did not oppose her in anything but the one grand wish of his life—this being a divorce from her own low-born husband, as he was pleased to term him.

Mr. Chicknell gave his patron a succinct account of those circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted.

The earl was thunderstruck.

"He's a low-bred hound, and in saying this I have said all," cried the earl. "I always told you so, Chicknell, and we have had many wrangles—if I may so term them—upon this subject. However, the worst is over now, and we have every reason to be thankful that the fellow has acted in such a discreditable way. Nevertheless, his conduct rather surprises me."

"It has surprised me, my lord, and it will surprise many others, I expect—more particularly your granddaughter."

"Poor girl! She clung to his memory with a pertinacity which was most remarkable."

"She is not to be blamed for that, my lord."

"I say she is!" cried the earl, in one of his tantrums—"I say she is! It is the only thing we disagree upon—have always disagreed upon."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders, but did not offer any observation in reply.

"Mr. Wrench has done exceedingly well in this business, as, indeed, he always has done, and he shall not go unrewarded. Now what are your ulterior proceedings."

"Matters are now simplified, and a divorce can be obtained without any difficulty."

"You have enough evidence?"

"Wrench says so. It will, of course, be an unopposed suit, that is already understood."

"Dear me, Chicknell, this is indeed joyful news. Do, my dear friend, set to work at once. Lose no time, but avoid as much exposure as possible. I don't want any public scandal."

"You need not be under any apprehension, my lord; we shall run it through the court as quietly and expeditiously as possible. We have a plea, and that will suffice our purpose."

The earl rose from his seat, rang the bell, and ordered wine and refreshments to be served.

Chicknell had never seen him in such spirits. The dream of his life was about to be realised, and his darling Aveline would be separated for ever from the connection which he deemed a blot upon his escutcheon.

Mr. Chicknell remained at the hall that night, and on the following morning hastened up to London to institute a suit in the Divorce Court, agreeably to the instructions received from his client.

Meanwhile, Aveline was enjoying an uninterrupted round of pleasure in the metropolis.

Lady Marvlynn knew everybody, and everybody knew Lady Marvlynn.

Miss Jamblin was not taken everywhere with Aveline and her chaperon, but she saw more pleasure than she had seen during her whole life at Stoke Ferry Farm. Her position at the earl's town house was a sort of union of friend, companion, or lady's maid to the greater star in the firmament, Lady Aveline, as she was termed.

Of course Aveline and the farmer's daughter were to pay a visit to the opera before they returned to Broxbridge Hall. Lady Marvlynn had made her two young friends understand that they must see Patti.

So the two young ladies, Lady Marvlynn, and the Honourable Tufnel Oxmoor seated themselves in the earl's carriage, which made direct for the grand entrance to Covent Garden Theatre.

It is needless to say that the house was crammed—it being a Patti night.

The opera was "La Sonnambula," one of her earliest triumphs—the opera in which Malabran, many years before, had so entranced the town by her matchless vocalisation and marvellous histrionic powers.

Lady Marvlynn, having adjusted her opera-glass to the right focus, began to proceed to take a survey of the leading notabilities in the stalls and boxes. She pointed out to Aveline many distinguished persons, and gave a running commentary on them.

"Who is that lady in the second box from the stage?" inquired Aveline.

"Who, my dear? Well, that's the Countess of Lanfoil—very charming, isn't she, and dressed in such good taste? She has hosts of admirers."

"What! a married woman have admirers!" said Patty Jamblin. "How very odd."

"Not at all, my dear; but hush! they are about to begin."

The band struck up and played the overture, the curtain was raised, and the performance commenced. When Patti made her appearance she received a perfect ovation—the applause was prolonged to an inordinate extent.

When the first act was over, Aveline said:

"She's grand!—truly magnificent!"

"Yaas," drawled Oxmoor, "very good, indeed. A most delightful creature—a child of impulse."

"And cultivation," suggested Lady Marvlynn.

Aveline Gatliffe had been charmed with the magnificent vocalisation of the prima donna, with the admirable orchestral effects, and the grandeur of the scenery; indeed, her attention had been so fixed upon the performance that she had given but little heed to the conversation which had been going on in the box.

Now she had no longer ears and eyes for the performers on the stage.

She turned deadly pale, and something seemed to deaden the pulsation of her heart.

She saw a gentleman in the fourth or fifth row of stalls; by his side sat a lady dressed in the height of fashion.

The gentleman was whispering soft words into her ear—so Aveline judged, for ever and anon she turned her face towards his and smiled.

At first she could not bring herself to believe that the gentleman was her husband, Tom Gatliffe, but she was but too well assured of this fact when she scanned the pair through her opera-glass.

She saw that he was attired in a dress suit, and that his companion was a woman of extreme beauty. She saw also, with the penetrating eye of a jealous woman, that they were on the most friendly and familiar terms.

She felt like one who is about to swoon. Her colour came and went, and a very tremor seemed to pass through her frame, and her evening's amusement was at an end. She would have given worlds to be at home in her own boudoir.

How to sit out the performance she could not divine. Had she been by herself she would have left there and then, but, situated as she was, such a course was quite impracticable.

"What is the matter with my darling pet?" exclaimed Lady Marvlynn, leaning forward, and whispering in the ear of her young charge.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all."

"Nay, my dear, something seems amiss. You look pale, and do not seem yourself. Tell me what it is? Do you feel faint?"

"I have a headache—the heat is oppressive," cried Aveline, not knowing what excuse to make.

"Ah, you cannot deceive me, my child. I feel assured that you are not well. When this act is over we will retire for a while."

"I shall do very well where I am."

But Lady Marvlynn was of a different opinion; so when the act drop fell she conducted her friend into the lobby, and from thence to the refreshment stall, where Aveline had some cooling drink.

"You are not looking at all well, dear," said her ladyship. "And there must be some reason for this."

"There is a reason," whispered Aveline, "and a powerful one, but do not breathe a syllable to anyone."

"My dear, do you suppose——"

"No, no! I do not suppose. You have too much discretion."

"What it is, then?"

"In the stalls my husband is seated."

Lady Marvlynn gave a prolonged "Ah!" and looked astonished.

"And is he alone?" she inquired.

"No, he is not; he has a lady—I mean a female—with him; but take no more notice of this—I am better now."

They returned to the box, and secretly, unobserved by anyone, Aveline directed Lady Marvlynn's attention to Gatliffe and Laura Stanbridge.

Her ladyship nodded, but said nothing.

"Lady Aveline is overcome with the heat, which, to say the truth, is most oppressive," observed Oxmoor.

"Yes, no doubt. She's fresh from the country, and not used to London life, hot theatres, overpowering gaslights, and all that sort of thing, you know," said her ladyship, coming to the rescue.

When the third act was over Oxmoor, to the great relief of Aveline, took his departure, upon the plea that he had to meet someone at his club who was about to depart for Calcutta.

It was a great relief to her when the curtain fell upon the performance, the last two acts of which had been entirely lost upon her.

Before she left the box she observed Gatliffe pass out of the stalls with his female companion. She remained in the cloak-room longer than there was any occasion for, that she might give time sufficient for her husband and Laura to pass out of the theatre.

Enveloping her head and shoulders in a shawl, she passed through the grand entrance, and tripped into the earl's carriage. When once in this vehicle she felt that she was safe.

When they returned to the earl's town mansion Aveline excused herself upon the plea of indisposition, and retired to her own room. She kissed Patty and Lady Marvlynn, and then withdrew.

When she had reached this she closed the door, bolted it, threw herself in an easy-chair, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"I never would have believed it!" she exclaimed. "The perfidious monster! I abhor and contemn him, and never wish to set eyes on him again."

With all her affected indifference and love of position, she still had, deep down in the bottom of her heart, some latent love for the man whom in an earlier day, she had sworn to love, honour, and obey.

How unmindful she had been of this vow we have already seen; but, notwithstanding that she had cast him on one side and given him up for the new sphere of action which

presented itself to her with so much witchery, she could not bear to see him whispering soft words in the ears of a rival—and such a rival!

Aveline retired to bed and sobbed herself to sleep, which throughout the life-long night was fretful, broken, and disturbed.

On the following day, at her own request, she returned with Lady Marvlynn and Patty Jamblin to Broxbridge Hall.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Lord Ethalwood was a little surprised upon finding his granddaughter returning so suddenly. He had expected her to remain in the metropolis for another fortnight at the very least. He was, however, but too glad to have her back, and, therefore, did not care to inquire the reason for her sudden return. He soon discovered from her manner that she was much more reserved and serious than she had been prior to her visit to the metropolis, the reason for which he could not very well make out.

"To him?"

"Yes, my dear, to him, and—but this is only hypothetical—he presumes that it is insupportable to his darling pet also, for what constitutes his happiness or misery applies with equal force to his grandchild."

"And have you told him?" exclaimed Aveline, as her brow darkened.

"I have told him nothing," said her ladyship, still more emphatically. "It is not likely I should do so, and you will pardon the observation, but it is by no means complimentary to me to offer such a suggestion."

"I will not give my consent to this suit against my husband."

"You surely do not mean to say that you will oppose the wishes of Earl Ethalwood?"

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" said Aveline, bursting into a flood of tears. "I am the most miserable creature in the whole creation!"

"HERE ARE FIVE SOVEREIGNS IF YOU ANSWER ME TRULY."

The crucial question, if we may so term it, had to be put—the intelligence in respect to the law proceedings had to be made known to Aveline.

This difficult and delicate task was reserved for the diplomatic Lady Marvlynn, for the earl did not care to broach the question himself. He was too dignified for that—besides, it would come better from her female adviser and friend; and so, after a playful prelude and a good deal of beating about the bush, Lady Marvlynn came to the point, and informed her young charge of the legal proceedings.

Aveline looked awestricken.

"And, pray, who has had the presumption to give these orders without consulting me?" she exclaimed. "I am the fit and proper person to determine, and no other."

"The earl, your grandfather, the head of the house and master of Broxbridge," said Lady Marvlynn, emphasising her words with more than her usual care, "has thought fit in his wisdom to take upon himself the responsibility of getting you released from the thraldom which, to say the truth, has been to him for a long time almost insupportable."

"I should have thought——" exclaimed her ladyship, pausing suddenly.

"Should have thought what?"

"I should have thought, after what we both witnessed at the opera, that you would have no hesitation——"

"And assuming it was a mistake—an error, he might have gone thither with some relative—a friend's wife, perhaps. It surely must be so."

Lady Marvlynn shrugged her shoulders, and shook her head.

"We are most of us prone to put the worst construction on the matter in cases of this sort."

"All I can say is, I hope we have."

"But you do not think so?"

"I confess I do not."

"Very well. Nothing ought to be done till we have made further inquiries, if it be as you think."

"As I think?"

"Well, say me, if you like. If it be so, then, indeed, I shall not hesitate for one moment."

"So be it, Aveline. We will make further inquiries, and so let the matter rest for the present. Do not pain the earl by any allusion to this subject for the present," cried her ladyship.

"I promise not to do so."

And so the interview ended.

Patty Jamblin, who had returned with Aveline, did not remain long at Broxbridge Hall. She was anxious about her father, and on the following day hastened at once to Stoke Ferry Farm.

The honest old farmer was almost beside himself with joy when his eyes lighted on the sweet and innocent face of his only child.

It had been a sore trial, the loss of his son Philip, but he had borne up against the misfortune with great fortitude, and appeared to be more himself.

"I dunno how I shud 'a got on wi'out ee," said the farmer, "hadn't it a bin for John Ashbrook. He took compassion on the old man, ye zee, and has gi'en me as much of his company as he could well spare."

"I'm sure it's very kind of him," said Patty, "and I shall always feel grateful for the timely service he has rendered. Where is he now?"

"Oh, he be here."

"Here?"

"Well, lass, not 'zactly here. I don't mean that; but he be about a-lookin' after the men. Ye see, he's been my right hand, ay, and the left, too, I'm thinkin'."

Patty found Stoke Ferry Farm as clean as a pin, both inside and out.

During her absence it had been put in thorough repair. It was never much out of order, but now it was a perfect model, in its way.

Whether the farmer had sent word to John Ashbrook or not it would be difficult to determine. The fact, however, was clearly demonstrated.

Patty had not been in the house half-an-hour before Ashbrook made his appearance in the large room which served as a parlour.

He was, as usual, very attentive to the farmer's daughter, and that was all.

Old Jamblin was a sociable man, and very few evenings passed in which some neighbour did not drop in to smoke a pipe, have a glass of grog, or a hand at short whist.

During Patty's absence John Ashbrook had paid frequent visits to her father.

After her return he did not seem disposed to leave at all.

"Dall it! but John 'ud mek her a good husband," muttered the farmer. "The Jamblins and Ashbrooks wer med to run in pairs. Patty and John 'll go together as nat'ral as half-and-half."

As these were his sentiments he gave the young people every opportunity of sweethearting, as he termed it.

Jamblin was known to be a rich man. His father had left him a good sum at his death, to which he had been adding for years.

The only wonder was that his daughter had not a host of candidates for her hand.

By-and-by it came to be rumoured among the old women who gossiped over their brown sugar and tea, and among the farmers and dealers on "'Change" on market days, and among the servants in their Sunday strolls, that John Ashbrook, of Oakfield House, was keeping company with Miss Jamblin, of Stoke Ferry.

A few days after this it became generally known to all who took interest in such matters that John Ashbrook and old Jamblin's daughter were shortly to become man and wife.

The wedding ceremony was performed on a grand scale, and on the day on which it took place Stoke Ferry Farm was filled with guests of every denomination. Lord Ethalwood honoured the nuptials with his presence, and his granddaughter, Aveline, was one of the bridesmaids; Maude Ashbrook and her brother Richard, were, of course, there, and the good people in the neighbourhood had not seen such a gathering or such a scene of festivity for many a long day.

The bride looked lovely, as all brides do under similar circumstances, or are said to do, which is much the same thing.

Farmer Jamblin was a little thoughtful, or it might be said downcast, this being attributable to painful reminiscences in respect to his son; but when the ceremony had been performed he rallied, and was as cheerful as the best of them.

After the bride and bridegroom had started on their wedding tour, he became silent and thoughtful again. He had, however, for his companions Maude and Richard Ashbrook, who had arranged to stay at Stoke Ferry for a few days to keep him company.

CHAPTER LXIX.

For some time after his last escapade Charles Peace continued to work industriously at his business. It must not be supposed, however, that during this period he refrained entirely from his evil practices.

When the summer came again he contrived and carried out a robbery on a more extensive scale.

He had for a long time contemplated making an incursion on a large warehouse in Nottingham. He had journeyed thither, and had made a careful inspection of the scene of his proposed operation.

Bandy-legged Bill had to act in concert with Peace, who felt assured that he would be successful in his forthcoming enterprise.

During the latter months of the year, when fishing on the Trent was considered good, a man of fairly gentlemanly appearance, with black hair and a closely-shaven face, presented himself at one of the boating stations at Nottingham.

The manager came forward and asked what he could do for him.

"Ah, you see, I have but indifferent health," observed Peace, "and a change of scene is absolutely necessary, so my doctor says. I think of having a week's fishing."

"Yes, sir, and I have no doubt you will benefit by the change," returned the manager.

Peace accompanied the speaker to the appointed spot, and after much consideration and haggling a bargain was struck for the fishing-boat.

The required deposit was paid, and Peace on the following morning brought down to the water-side a considerable amount of tackle, rods, lines, baits, and all the requisites for an experienced angler.

The day was fine and bright, and the water was as clear as crystal, and Peace, as he drifted down the river, was well satisfied with the proceedings thus far. He moored his boat on the river's bank, and threw in his line. He remained at what he deemed a likely spot, and pulled out three or four fish.

After angling for some time he went farther down the river, making apparently for a more favourable spot.

After spending some considerable time at his well-beloved sport, he made for a neighbouring house, where he had his midday meal. Here he met with some brother sportsmen, who joined him for the remaining portion of the day, and when night came on he put up at the house by the river-side, where he had a bed.

By early morn he again betook himself to his boat, and drifted farther down the river, until he arrived in sight of the silk manufactory upon which he proposed operating.

In the after part of the day Bandy-legged Bill made his appearance.

"Well, old man, how goes it?" said the newcomer in a whisper.

"All right so far. Have you got the trap with you?"

"Yes; I've put it up at a beershop close by here."

Peace at this moment pulled out a good-sized barbel.

"My eye! but you've got a whopper there, Charlie, and no mistake," cried the gipsy.

"Don't call me, Charlie. If anybody sees us you are my man—don't you understand?"

"How about the bisness? When is it to come off?"

"To-night, if all goes well."

The gipsy gave a low mysterious whistle.

"And about this 'ere child?"

"You had better meet me at yonder point," said Peace, pointing to a turn in the river. "Be there between eleven and twelve to-night, and take care to have the trap in readiness."

"There's a grove of trees just by that spot, which will suit us to rights. The pony and trap shall be there at the time you name. There's a bloke as sleeps on the premises—so I've heerd," added Bill.

"The deuce there is! What—a porter, or something of that sort, eh?"

"So I've heerd."

"Well, then, perhaps it would be just as well for you to come round to the warehouse."

"And leave the trap in the grove of trees?"

"Just so."

"At what time?"

"Say eleven, or from that to half-past.

"Now go," said Peace. "For I don't want you to be seen by anybody, if we can help it. Remember, from eleven to half-past."

"I'll not forget". And with that promise the gipsy sheered off, leaving Peace alone in the boat.

As the shades of evening descended Peace moored his

boat, and threaded his way through the by-roads and green lanes. He sought seclusion, which he succeeded in obtaining—seclusion till the hour arrived which had been appointed for the robbery.

At length the appointed time drew nearer and nearer. Peace made for the back of the silk manufactory, and waited patiently for the sound of footsteps.

Bill was true to his appointment. Presently his companion heard the rustling of the decayed leaves which strewed the ground, and he was at no loss to conclude that his confederate was approaching.

He was correct in his surmise.

A low whistle was heard, which Peace answered by a similar sound.

The two robbers were very soon in close conference.

"Any blokes about?" said Bill.

"Not a living soul besides ourselves—at least, none that I have seen. And you?"

"All's still and quiet. The gentlemen who live in these 'ere parts go early to roost, it would appear. And how about cracking the crib?"

"Leave that to me," said Peace. "It's an easy job enough, I fancy."

The speaker led the way to the side of the premises.

Peace set to work on one of the windows, which, with his accustomed skill, he contrived to open. The window was drawn down, the gipsy gave his companion a "leg up," and in another moment he was inside. He had on at this time some yachting boots, the soles of which were made of vulcanised india-rubber, and his footsteps were almost noiseless.

Passing through the room he had entered, he crept downstairs, and undid the bolts and other fastenings of the front door.

This done, he beckoned to his companion.

"I wonder where this man sleeps?" he murmured.

"Haven't the slightest idea," returned the gipsy.

"No matter; it's as well to be prepared, however," he muttered, drawing his revolver from his coat pocket. "I never have recourse to this, except in extreme difficulty," said he.

"Ah, don't settle anyone's hash," cried the gipsy, moving forward.

"Don't you come in—leave it to me. You can't slide about so silently as I can. Don't you come in unless you hear me give the alarm. Wait and watch just inside the passage, and keep guard over the door.

"All right. On yer goes, then."

Peace did go on. In one of the rooms on the basement he found a man and his wife in bed; fast asleep. He did not, of course, attempt to disturb their slumbers, but, assuring himself first of all that they were actually asleep, he withdrew, closing the door gently after him.

He then inserted into it some of his long, thin screws, so that the porter and his wife, if they should by any chance be disturbed, would find themselves close prisoners in their bedchamber.

It was not at all likely they could break open the door before Peace and the gipsy had got clean off.

Having performed this little bit of business in a way which was satisfactory to himself, Peace proceeded upstairs into the warerooms.

He found in these an immense amount of property—silks of every hue—but he chose rolls of black silk, this being more saleable.

He brought down as much as he could well carry, and then went upstairs for more, for he was unconscionable in his demands, and stuck at nothing.

Agreeably to his direction, Bill took a considerable portion of the booty, which he laid carefully in the boat. Then he returned for more, and placed the same with the other rolls.

In a very short time the boat was pretty well filled, and no more black silk could be found. However, Peace laid his unholy hands upon some coloured silks.

They had now as much as they could conveniently take away. Peace emerged from the house, and hastened to the banks of the river; he was followed by the gipsy, both the robbers at this time having their arms full.

All this had been done without attracting the notice of anyone. The two men jumped into the boat, which sped along over the surface of the stream swiftly and almost silently till the point made by the bend of the river was reached.

Near to this point was the grove of trees where the gipsy had tethered his pony.

The boat was moored again, and the goods taken therefrom as rapidly as circumstances would permit, and transferred to the cart.

But before this was done ten trusses of tares, which Bill had brought with him, were taken out of the vehicle, and when the silks had been packed and been made to occupy as small a compass as possible, the tares were thrown on the top, partially covered with a piece of tarpaulin, and the gipsy was ready to start on his journey.

He was instructed by Peace to make the best of his way to London.

"I'll go a little way with you, Bill," he said, "and put up at an hotel, and the sooner I am housed the better. There will be a rare outcry in the morning, but that matters but little; I shall be in my boat."

"Ah, ah!" laughed the gipsy; "it's as good as a play. Strike me silly, but this is about the cleanest job that mortal man ever did."

"You must get safely to London, and we are not as yet safely out of the fire."

"I shall reach London right enough—have no fear about that."

"Ah, I don't fear, but still it's just as well not to shout before you are out of the wood; but you know what to do when you get there?"

"Get rid of the goods as soon as possible."

"Yes; and there won't be much difficulty about that, if you go to the address I gave you. The name is——"

"Stanbridge," cried Peace's companion.

"Right you are. See her, and say you come from me, and she'll work the oracle. She's up to every mortal dodge."

"I'm afraid she'll be too much for me—I ain't much of a hand in dealing with women; they're a jolly sight too artful for me."

"You do as I tell you, and all will be right. There's no call for you to be mistrustful. You may rest assured that I am sending you to the proper party. See her, and if she can't do the job herself she'll find somebody who can."

The gipsy nodded assent to this proposition, and as the vehicle he drove came in sight of a roadside commercial hotel he brought his pony to a standstill.

Peace alighted, wished his companion good night, and entered the hostelry, where he remained till morning.

By early dawn he was up and doing. He swallowed a hasty breakfast, and took his departure, making his way direct for the river-side.

He did this to lull suspicion—that is, if any was likely to be attached to him. While occupied in fishing with what to all appearance was a party of his own particular friends, he felt he was perfectly safe.

The police went far and near in search of the burglars; they made desperate efforts to trace the stolen goods. They arrested an unfortunate tramp who was seen lurking about the neighbourhood on the preceding day. There was, however, not a tittle of evidence against the poor tramp, whom the magistrate at once discharged.

Peace took back his boat, settled with the proprietor, and made the best of his way to Sheffield.

His wife at this time presented him with a daughter.

Meanwhile, Bandy-legged Bill arrived safely in London with the booty obtained at the mill.

He waited on Laura Stanbridge, and gave her a note from Peace.

The silk was safely deposited in a loft over a stable, which was in the occupation of a friend of the gipsy's. The same friend had no difficulty in divining that Bill was doing something on the cross, but as he received a handsome sum for the loan of the loft he saw and heard, but said nothing.

The most accomplished and daring thief finds it difficult to get on without the assistance of one or more confederates. Laura Stanbridge accompanied the gipsy to the loft in question and inspected the goods. She was, of course, to have something for her services, and it was ultimately decided to remove the silk to her house.

This was done.

Laura Stanbridge, when the silks were in her possession, got a young man who had been in the trade, but who had at one time been unfortunate enough to mistake his master's money for his own, to offer the rolls of silk for sale, and they were purchased at about fifteen per cent. below the market value.

The vendor had to be paid handsomely for his trouble—so had Miss Stanbridge; so also had several other persons; but with all these drawbacks Mr. Charles Peace obtained for the goods half as much again as he would have got from a Jew receiver; so that, all things considered, he had done a lucra-

tive stroke of business. Bill, of course, stood in, but Peace had the lion's share.

CHAPTER LXX.

Peace trifled with Fate. She had blessed him with worldly goods, though it must be confessed that they were not his own, and his consummate impudence led to his apprehension.

The more inquiries that are made into the past history of Peace, the more does it appear that he was a head and shoulders above the ordinary criminal. He appears to have had ingrained in his nature a cruelty of mind and firmness of purpose which nothing could baffle. He always objected to poverty, and as he did not seem to be over fond of hard work—though at times he certainly did follow his business of a picture-frame maker with something like assiduity—he chose a career of crime as the most fitted to maintain him in luxury.

Indeed he passed, as we have already signified, a very considerable portion of his time in prison; but penal servitude in his case, as in so many other instances, did not appear to have a deterrent effect.

No sooner was he released than after a short period of honest industry he again had recourse to his thieving propensity. We subjoin a report of his trial and sentence:

BURGLARY AT RUSHOLME.

George Parker, alias Charles Peace, (aged 30), and Alfred Newton (aged 25), were charged with having burglariously entered the house of Elizabeth Brooks, at Rusholme, near Manchester, and stolen therefrom a quantity of silver-plate and other property. Mr. Higginson prosecuted; Mr. Fearnley defended the prisoner Parker, and Newton was defended by Mr. Campbell Foster.

Mr. John Aitken, a gentleman residing with Miss Brooks, stated that about six o'clock on the morning of June 3 he discovered that an entrance had been effected into the dining-room by forcing open the window, and upon examination it was discovered that a coat, some papers, and a cigar case belonging to himself, and a picture, a cash-box, fourteen silver spoons, and two sugar tongs, the property of Miss Brooks, had been stolen. Information was given to the police, and a search being made in the fields near the house, nearly the whole of the property was found in an old sewer. Officers were set to watch the place, and on the prisoners approaching the spot with a hamper for the purpose of removing the property, they were apprehended, and, after a violent resistance, safely lodged in Bridewell. The missing cigar-case was found in the possession of Parker, who stated in the first instance that he found it, and afterwards that it had been given to him.

On behalf of the prisoner Parker witnesses were called to prove that he came from Sheffield to Manchester only a few hours before he and Newton were captured, and several witnesses were called to prove that Newton was in Sheffield at the very time that the burglary was committed, and did not leave that town for Manchester until the next morning.

It was contended on behalf of the latter prisoner that he would have no motive for committing the crime with which he was charged, as he was a well-to-do tradesman, having money in the bank. The explanation given of their attempting to remove the stolen property from the sewer was that they had accidentally found it whilst taking a walk together.

Both prisoners were found guilty of receiving the property knowing it to have been stolen.

A former conviction was proved against Parker, and he was sentenced to six years' penal servitude. Newton was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Peace was sent to the Old Trafford Gaol. We must pass over the period of his imprisonment for this offence, as other and more important events in his life have to be chronicled.

Peace, though a desperate character, could appear as meek and mild a man as ever handled a six-shooter.

The result of his playing the good boy was that he was let out on ticket-of-leave, and society once more suffered for the relaxation of the law's severity.

After his Old Trafford sentence he returned to Sheffield, and took a small shop in Kenyon Alley. There he used to amuse his acquaintances by showing the dexterity with which he could pick the most stubborn lock. He soon afterwards resumed his old practices, proving the truth of the old adage, "Once a thief always a thief."

He carried on his business for some time in Kenyon Alley, and it was while here that he displayed some considerable amount of ability as an actor. Mr. John Tait, schoolmaster at Consett, gave an account in the "Consett Guardian" of a visit Peace paid to his school. He says, "Many of my old scholars well remember Peace' performing the gravedigger scene in 'Hamlet.' His acting was admirable, but the contortions of his countenance and the amazing transformations he effected in his visage baffle all description." Mr. Tait further states he visited Mr. Dawson's school at Spennymuir about the same time, and performed the same part as he did at his school, with the addition of decamping with two musical instruments he had borrowed, and attempting to persuade a girl to elope with him.

During his imprisonment for the Rusholme robbery his poor wife had a hard time of it. In addition to the boy, Willie Ward, she had a child by Peace to look after.

The lonely wife had to sell up her home to provide the means of defence at his trial, and afterwards she began to keep a shop—the little, bow-windowed shop so well known in Kenyon Alley. Hither came, one night in the summer of 1864, the returned convict, released on ticket-of-leave.

It was now that Peace again commenced the picture-frame making, which was the ostensible business of the remainder of his life, and for a time he seems to have been industrious and to have done well.

For some time he led a more creditable life; he worked for Closer, in Gibraltar Street, and afterwards he was manager for Peters, in Westbar Green. Then he engaged a workshop at the end of Kenyon Alley, and found so much to do that from having only a boy he employed two journeymen to help him.

In this way he got a good business together, and the place being too small, he made the unfortunate venture of taking a shop in West Street, two doors from Rockingham Street.

The moment he got there his luck seemed to turn, and the takings were not so great in a week as they had been in Kenyon Alley in a day.

This exasperated him, for he was not a man who could ever do upon a small income. What he did with all the money he obtained by his extensive robberies must for ever remain a mystery.

Not satisfied with the business in West Street, he gave the shop up, and migrated, with his family, to Manchester. He took with him a stock of frames, but he had not been there a fortnight when he was once more in the hands of the officers of the law for doing a job at a house in Lower Broughton. He was caught in the act, and his excuse for such clumsiness was that he, who was usually strictly temperate, had partaken of several glasses of whisky-and-water, and did not know what he was doing.

We subjoin an extract from a Manchester paper, containing a brief report of the trial and conviction of Peace:

"George Parker, alias Charles Peace, was indicted for breaking into the dwelling-house of Mr. W. R. Gemmell, Addison Terrace, Victoria Park, on the night of August 20. Mr. Gorst prosecuted, and Mr. Torr defended.

"The servants and Mr. Gemmell were disturbed about four o'clock in the morning by a noise outside the house. On going downstairs they found that some person had got in through the scullery window, and that £3 7s. 4d. in money, an opera glass, a pipe, and other things, had been stolen from the dining-room. The prisoner was arrested near the house, about five o'clock, by Police-constable Norris, who found upon him the whole of the stolen property, and several burglarious tools.

"Mr. Torr raised a point as to whether the case was one of burglary or of simple robbery from a dwelling-house. It appeared that the scullery window was a horizontal sliding one and his lordship ruled that the mere sliding back of the window, whether fastened or not, was sufficient to constitute a burglary. It was not necessary that anything should be broken—the mere act of removing anything that prevented an entrance was enough. The jury found the prisoner guilty of burglary.

"The prisoner, a grey-headed man, begged in piteous accents for mercy for himself and his children.

"His lordship said he found that the prisoner was convicted at Liverpool in 1859, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment, in 1854 he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and before that he had been convicted of housebreaking. If he had really been penitent, it was not likely that he would have committed the present offence, and that, too, in a manner which showed that he was prepared to go all lengths in housebreaking. Not only, however, did he commit this burglary, but on the very same night he broke into another house, from which he stole some plate; but this charge would not be gone into. Under the circumstances, his lordship thought he could do no less than sentence him to be kept in penal servitude for the term of seven years. The prisoner then implored permission to be allowed to see his

family, and his lordship said the proper authorities would decide that point.

"The court then rose."

Peace, when he parted with his wife after his conviction, was sadly borne down. He bitterly regretted having indulged in strong drink. He had indeed put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains.

Peace bade a hasty farewell to his wife, kissed his infant daughter, and was conducted to the "Black Maria," which was standing at one of the side doors of the court-house.

Peace was taken to Wakefield Gaol. The usual formalities were gone through, which were much the same as those described in some of the earlier chapters of this work.

Peace, as we have observed, was a handy man enough, and this was soon found out by the authorities of Wakefield Prison.

For the first few weeks after his introduction he was set to work at oakum-picking; but as time went on, and the warders and deputy-governor became better acquainted with his habits, he was set to work at whitewashing, painting, and doing other odd jobs in the prison. He contrived to make himself generally useful, and in addition to this he succeeded in impressing the chaplain with the fact that he was a very devout person, who had seen the error of his ways, and who was, moreover, duly impressed with the necessity there was for him to reform.

Some repairs were being done in the prison, and Peace was one of the gang employed for this purpose. He worked industriously with his mates for some days.

As he was at work the thought crossed his mind that he might succeed in effecting his escape, and when once this idea entered his head he did not rest till he laid out his plan of operation.

The repairs he was executing gave him an opportunity of smuggling a short ladder into his cell. No one for a moment suspected what he was meditating, and, indeed, it would appear that much more latitude was allowed him than usually falls to the share of a convict.

He managed to secure a piece of zinc, and took an opportunity of nicking it so that it would answer the purpose of a saw. When shut up for the night he sat industriously to work.

The cell in which he was confined was not of a modern structure, with stone walls and an arched stone roof, such as are now invariably used in all our convict prisons.

The roof was plaster; in the centre of it ran a beam. Peace had ascertained this before he began his operations. It did not take him long to make a hole in the ceiling. When this had been done he set to work with his zinc saw to cut through the beam.

The cell was one of the top ones; it was in close proximity to the roof. This he had also ascertained—if he could once get on the roof, he felt the rest would be an easy matter.

The chances are that he would not have succeeded in any case, but he was bent on his project, and was in a state of nervous excitement until it was carried out.

PEACE CUT A RUEFUL FIGURE.

For the greater part of the night he was at work, but the progress he made was so slow, in consequence of the clumsy instrument with which he worked, that daylight came before he had made a hole sufficiently large for him to pass through.

"The warders will be round presently," he ejaculated; "and if I am not clean off before they make their appearance I am lost."

He set to work with renewed vigour; the perspiration fell in thick beads from his forehead and temples. An exclamation of delight escaped him; the aperture was sufficiently large for his purpose.

He crept through the hole, and then seemed to breathe more freely. He laid hold of the top rail of the ladder, which he was in the act of drawing up after him, when the cell door was opened, and an official exclaimed in a voice of alarm:

"Halloa there!—what's this? Come down!"

Peace made no reply. The moments were now precious to him. The officer advanced and endeavoured to seize the ladder. Peace gave him a blow with it in the chest, and knocked him down.

The man uttered an exclamation of rage and pain. But Peace did not wait for further parley; he drew up the ladder and ran along the roof in the greatest state of excitement.

After running over the roof he got on to the prison wall, and he was making his way along there when a terrible misfortune befel him; the bricks were loose, and it was impossible for him to keep his balance or maintain his foothold. He fell. It was supposed that he had fallen outside.

There was by this time a hue and cry after him. Consternation sat on the visages of the warders, and the whole place was soon in an uproar.

The deputy-governor asked what was the matter. The warders said that a prisoner had escaped

"How, and by what means?" cried the deputy-governor.

Nobody appeared to know. Davis, the warder who had been pushed down by Peace, not choosing to stop and explain matters, hastened at once into the governor's presence, and made him acquainted with the facts which had come under his knowledge. After this he ran round the outside of the prison in search of Peace, whom he did not succeed in finding.

Peace had really fallen inside the prison wall, not far from where some servants were looking out from the door of the governor's house; but, notwithstanding their close proximity to him, they had not seen him either before or after his fall, the reason for this being that their attention was directed away from him.

The general impression was at this time that Peace had succeeded in making his escape, and the governor and deputy-governor were greatly incensed at what they termed the carelessness of the men in charge of the convicts.

Peace, finding that the governor's servants had not observed him, determined upon a bold stroke. With the cunning of a hunted fox he slipped past the room in which they were at this time, entered the governor's house, and ran upstairs.

No one for a moment supposed that he was loitering about the premises. Indeed, everyone was fairly puzzled, and could not in any way account for his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

People were started off at once in quest of the fugitive.

Upon Peace reaching one of the upstairs rooms of the house, he stripped off his prison clothes and dressed himself in a suit of the governor's.

This done, he watched patiently for an opportunity of escape, but none came.

A throng of persons were in the lower rooms of the habitation, and, for the present, at least, escape was impossible.

Even if he had the temerity to drop from the window, he would be sure to be recaptured, for there were numbers of persons—policemen and warders—gathered round the walls of the gaol.

Peace was wild with fury. He was within sight of liberty, which was, however, denied him.

He thought it best to remain concealed in his hiding-place till the aspect of affairs changed.

But no change appeared likely to take place.

An hour passed.

Then another half hour, at the expiration of which the room door was suddenly opened, and several piercing screams proceeded from a maid-servant, in whose room Peace was secreted.

He strove in vain to silence the girl by placing his hand over her mouth for the purpose of stifling her cries.

But the attempt proved futile. She was too much alarmed, and her voice was so shrill that it would have awakened one of the seven sleepers.

"Hold your deuced tongue, you little fool!" exclaimed Peace. "Nobody will hurt you."

But the mischief was already done. It is just possible that the maid might have connived at his escape if she had considered twice about the matter; as it was, he was lost.

He knew and felt this, as the noise of ascending footsteps fell upon his ears.

The governor, with a cohort of prison officials, now entered the apartment.

Peace cut such a rueful figure, and presented altogether such a comical appearance in the governor's clothes, which were a world too wide for him, in addition to being too long, in this respect resembling two towns on the Continent, namely, Toulouse and Toulon, that more than one of the party could not refrain from laughing, the governor first setting the example himself.

Peace was conducted back to the gaol by the warders, one of whom unlocked the door of one of the refractory cells, and the wretched prisoner was thrust into the dark and cheerless receptacle.

Without doubt, even a temporary or short imprisonment in a dark cell is a terrible punishment to most men.

When Peace heard the door slammed to, his heart sank within him. A cold shudder passed through his frame as he breathed the mephitic black air, which seemed to be more like a fluid than an atmosphere.

His allowance of bread and water had been given him as he made the acquaintance for the first time of his dark prison-house.

After two days' confinement in the refractory cell he was taken out and placed in an ordinary prison cell, and in a few days after this he left the gaol with a batch of convicts, who were bound for Millbank. The officials at Wakefield were but too glad to be rid of him.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Millbank Penitentiary, as it was termed, is now a thing of the past. The new prison at Wormwood Scrubs now supersedes it.

Upon Peace and his companions in crime arriving at Millbank, the first thing that was done on entering was to take the handcuffs off each convict; they were then told to seat themselves on a long bench in the passage.

Presently two chief warders arrived, accompanied by a medical officer and a clerk.

On their appearance the prisoners were told to rise and stand to attention. One of the chief warders walked along one line, and claimed more than one of the party.

By the time that certain preliminary preparations had been gone through, and the name, case, and crime of each prisoner had been entered into a book in the office, it was twelve o'clock, and dinner time.

The newcomers were informed that presently they would be asked what religion they were. Each man might please himself what he chose to be, but what he elected he must stick to.

The bill of fare for each day of the week was read out to them. The allowance given to each person was quite sufficient to support life, and keep him in good health.

Luxuries were, of course, never thought of. Coarse, plain food was all they had any right to expect, and certainly it was all they got, but the cost of prisons forms a very large item in the expenses of the country.

After the rules had been read, Peace and his fellow-prisoners were ordered in batches of four or five into some cells, each man having given to him previously a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese of excellent quality.

Here Peace was kept for a long time, but he could hear that the officials had returned and were engaged with the fresh arrivals he had for his companions—three ruffians of the very worst type—these being, indeed, London thieves, and he had as little to say to them as possible.

Not being pleased with his associates, he got up on a table under the window, and looked out on the yard.

Presently the door was opened, and he and his companions were ordered out.

Peace was directed to go to the end of the passage, where the principal of the receiving ward was standing. He had to undergo the usual formula of the bath. A bundle was handed him, which contained a complete suit of clothes of the same picturesque pattern as those worn by the prisoners he had seen exercising.

He was then called into a room where the doctor was, and here he saw the chief warder—an enormous man with the voice of a Stentor, who looked dreadfully stern and resolute, but who was, nevertheless, a kindly-disposed man enough—this he afterwards found out; there, to his surprise, he was shown a bundle which he at once recognised as the clothes, even to the hat and boots he had worn before his conviction—his last habiliments of freedom.

"You know what these are, and whom they belong to, I suppose?" said the prison official.

"Yes, they belong to me," Peace returned.

"All right," said the other, throwing them into a corner, where a pile of similar bundles were lying.

After he had undergone the usual examination by the doctor, a card was given him with a number on it, which he was told was his number, to which he was always to answer, as prisoners left their names behind them.

Peace got on pretty well at Millbank; the warders were kind to him, and he behaved himself in the best possible manner, and his attempt to escape from Wakefield appeared to have been forgotten: anyway, it was never alluded to.

(To be continued.)

over, and when the shades of night fall upon the glorious day voices may be heard singing cheerily in the distance, as Pat, with none too steady a gait, makes for his cabin. But there are some bent upon having a night of it, and the whisky shop kept by Tim Guilfoyle, the principal pub of Mountrath, is doing a lively trade, the noisiest and most quarrelsome member of the company present being Mister Jimmy Moore, who has been imbibing the "cratur" not wisely but too well.

It is getting very late, for the old clock has long since chimed twelve, and those assembled are dropping off one by one, and will thank their lucky stars in the morning if they find themselves at home without mishap, for there is not a mother's son of them amongst the crowd sober. Just as Mister Guilfoyle is attempting to clear his drinking shop for the twentieth time, as bad luck would have it, who should enter but Edward Delany. He had been drinking, without doubt, although he is as sober as a judge when compared with some of them, including Jimmy Moore, who by this time was very boisterous and aggressive.

No sooner did the great bully catch sight of Delany than, with a wild "Hoorah!" he threw off his coat and rushed straight for the man, administering a cowardly kick as the other retreated. Delany was lucky not to be seriously injured, and he called upon the landlord and those present to witness the assault, telling Moore that he was a dirty spalpeen, fit but to kick, bite, and stab. The drink had evidently given the smaller man pluck, but it was fortunate for him that Moore was kept from attacking him afresh, or he would have fared badly.

Shortly after this exciting little turn-up Teddy Delany bade the landlord good night, and started in the direction of home, the company dispersed, and Tim Guilfoyle shut up his shop, it being then past one o'clock in the morning

Muttering and cursing, Jimmy Moore strode and staggered along the road to Derrough. As he approached the Shannon Bridge Road he observed a figure in advance of him, and, drunk as he was, knew it to be his enemy, Delany.

Quickening his pace and pulling himself together, he was soon up to his man, and, catching him by the arm, glared into his face like a wild beast. "Curse you! Then it's you, is it? Now we'll pay off old scores!" Moore hissed into his face as he gripped the poor, frightened man by the throat with his great, rough hand and pushed him towards a gate at the side of the road.

Regardless of the possibility of being watched or overheard, the savage, drunken wretch tightened his hold, and with the other hand rifled Delany's pockets. He had that day received a sum of money from a man named Quigley, and Moore knew that it had been handed over to him. The thief secured the plunder, and then dragged his victim into the field, where there was a great heap of stones. Taking the half senseless man up in his arms, he then dashed him down with fearful violence, lacerating his head in a shocking manner. Not satisfied with this, he administered several brutal kicks; then, abstracting the notes and other coins from the purse, he left in it the sum of fourpence-halfpenny and replaced it in the unconscious man's pocket.

Not a sound had he heard, but little did he dream that at least part of his hideous work had been observed by some who were either too much afraid or too drunk to raise an alarm. But for that James Moore might have—indeed, it is certain, would have—cheated the gallows.

The body was found next morning upon the heap of stones, the head being fearfully battered. Suspicion immediately pointed to James Moore, and he having changed some of the notes which had been only the day before paid by Quigley to Delany the man was immediately arrested and charged with murder and highway robbery. On the surface, a conviction seemed to be a foregone conclusion, instead of which, the inquiry resulted in a trial which, for its length and extraordinary number of witnesses examined, made it one of the greatest (if not the greatest) Irish criminal trials on record, and to-day it takes its place as a cause célèbre, which occupied the Lord Chief Baron no less than forty-three days.

Our readers will, of course, understand the impossibility of going into the details of such a lengthy trial. There were considerably over a hundred witnesses, and the speeches for the defence and the Solicitor-General's reply occupied several days each. The latter terminated on a Friday and his lordship adjourned until the Monday, so that his charge to the jury might not be interrupted by a Sunday intervening. The summing-up lasted two days, and it was not until late on the night of September 9th that the jury retired to consider their verdict. They were absent about three hours before they could agree to find Moore guilty, and had it not been for the evidence of a man named Brophy, who swore that he witnessed the struggle and saw the prisoner hold Delany by the throat and search him, and then declare that he would "butcher him in Shannon Gate Lane," the verdict would undoubtedly have been reversed, so much was the evidence for the prosecution shaken on cross-examination.

During the entire forty-three days the jury were kept under lock and key, the whole of them sleeping in one room, upon the floor and make-shift bedsteads. The marvel was that some of them did not break down in health, which would have necessitated a new trial. Of course, the defence set up was that death was caused by accident in falling upon the stones whilst the men were drunk, and that there was no intent to kill.

However, there was no doubt in anybody's mind that James Moore murdered and robbed Edward Delany, and the subsequent behaviour of the prisoner pointed to that fact. Perhaps never was a judge more insulted in a criminal court than was the Lord Chief Baron whilst passing sentence of death upon the miserable wretch who stood in the dock regardless of his fate. The scene in court was indescribable. When Moore was asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "What use is there in talking when I am found guilty?"

The Chief Baron was then about to pass sentence, when he was immediately interrupted by the prisoner saying, "If you are going to sentence me, do it soon and sudden. I am not a bit frightened about it."

His lordship endeavoured to proceed, and the prisoner again said, "Pass it soon and sudden, and as short as ever you can give it."

A third time he interrupted the judge, saying, "Make haste, or I'll go down below if you don't hurry. I don't want speeches. If you will talk, I may as well have my half-hour."

The prisoner, then, in an incoherent manner related what he declared the true version of the matter, and sought to implicate others. He complained that his lordship, whilst conducting the trial fairly, had gone against him in his charge, and added that there was not much difference between himself and his lordship. The latter might die in a week, and for himself he might just as well die then as at seventy. Never was there such cool impudence displayed by a man about to be sentenced to death.

To the last the Lord Chief Baron was, however, forbearing with the wretched man, as, after fixing the date for the execution to be Thursday, October 9th, 1873, application was made for the prisoner to be allowed an interview with his relations, which was readily granted.

The sentence was duly carried out, and the fair Queen's County was well rid of one of the most brutal and unscrupulous fiends it would be possible to find in Erin or any other part of the civilised world.

He Couldn't Say Much Less.

In spite of a judge's exalted position, it occasionally happens that he is worsted in an argument in court. In connection with this a very curious and amusing episode occurred not long ago in one of our courts. The defendant in an assault case urged, in extenuation of his having taken the law into his own hands, that the language of the victim of his wrath had been of such a nature as no gentleman with an atom of self-respect could under any circumstances overlook, and that he had naturally resented it accordingly. In the course of examination, his counsel asked, "Now, what did the plaintiff say to you?" The rival counsel immediately objected to the question on legal grounds. As the luncheon hour was rapidly approaching, the judge interrupted the heated argument which ensued, and said that, instead of deciding the point at once, he had determined to let it stand over until after the interval, which would give him an opportunity of conferring with his learned brethren. Luncheon over, the brethren of the robe flocked into the court, and listened with bated breath for the sapient dictum about to fall from the lips of the legal luminary. Dead silence prevailed as his lordship entered, and after him filed in a few of his confrères, who wished to note the effect on the Bar. "Ahem, gentlemen," he began, "after much reference and discussion, we have come to the conclusion that the question may be put." The counsel for the defendant fairly beamed with delight and anticipation of victory. Shifting his wig slightly to the back of his head, crossing his arms behind him, and gazing for a moment at the witness, he repeated the question: "Now, what was it the plaintiff said to you?" The witness replied, "He said nothing at all, sir!' Tableau!

WHO KILLED
Elizabeth Camp?

Being a Special Account of the Mysterious Murder on the South Western Railway and of the hitherto unsuccessful attempts to discover the assassin.

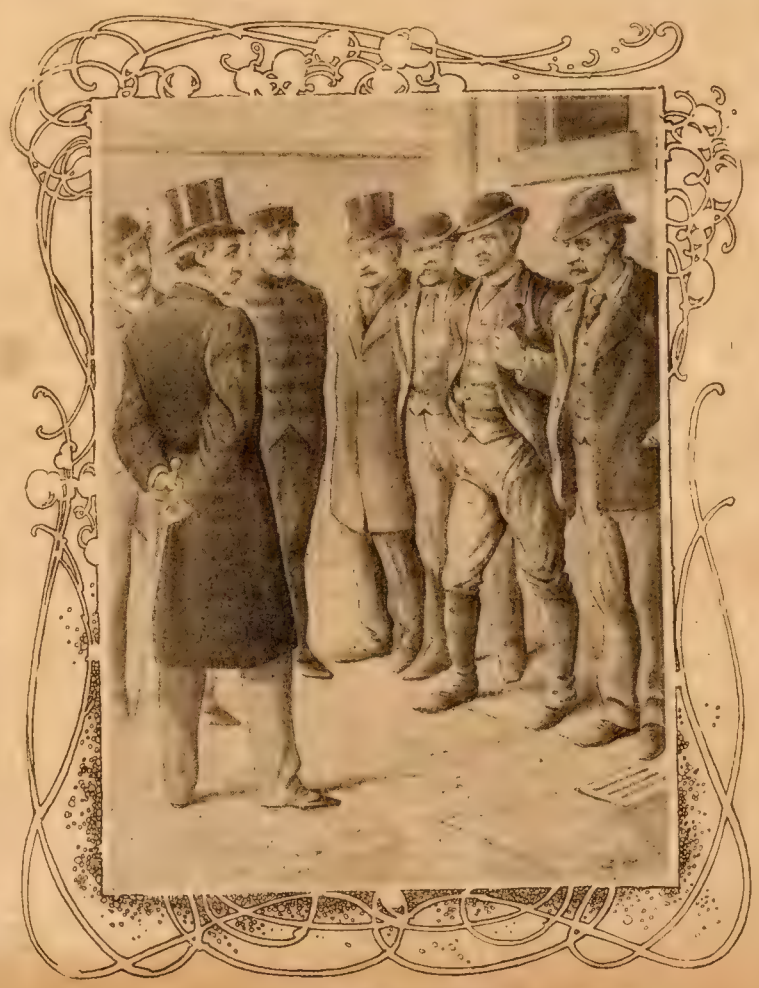
"Out, alas! she's cold:
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff;
Death lies on her like an untimely frost."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Romeo & Juliet, Act IV., Sc. 5.

PART II.

IN an early passage of this narrative I have made allusion to a very important clue obtained by the police in their search for the train-murderer, and I have also made mention of the fact that I learned on excellent authority that the guilty man had actually been discovered, and that only the precipitation of a reporter rendered the scheme for his arrest and conviction abortive. There are only a very few persons alive who have knowledge of this fact or of the circumstances which enabled the police to decide that the man in question was the actual murderer. I am not at liberty, even now, to enter into the precise details—which are well known to two or three of the Scotland Yard authorities—but I may, I think, venture to put the reader into possession of certain facts which can be regarded as quite exclusive information.

One of the leading detectives engaged on this absorbing mystery ascertained that, beyond all doubt, Miss Camp had had many "love passages" in the past. She must have been a pretty girl, and her good looks and agreeable manners won for her many admirers, some of whom were, socially, her superiors. I learnt that for a long time the police were engaged in endeavours to ascertain the whereabouts of a gentleman connected with the medical profession who was at one time on something more than friendly terms with the deceased woman. A day or two after the murder the boxes belonging to Miss Camp, lying at the Good Intent, were opened and searched, and a photograph of this gentleman was found and taken possession of by the police. It was even said—and I have no reason to doubt the truth of the statement—that Miss Camp had quite recently referred to the original of this photograph as "an old flame" in conversation with a barmaid named Matilda White, who had just returned from abroad. The person in question never came forward, and, indeed, he may be said to have completely vanished as soon as ever inquiries began to be made about him, and from that day to this he has never been seen. My informant is positive that the premature announcement in a daily newspaper warned this man of his impending danger, and that he fled to avoid arrest and condemnation for the crime. Was he the guilty man? Does the key to the inscrutable mystery lie here? Perhaps time will reveal. In the words of Alexandre Dumas, we can only "wait and hope" for the long-deferred revelation of the truth.

Shortly before the inquest began another extraordinary fact leaked out, the significance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. On the morning after the discovery of the murder it was found that a speaking-tube leading from the kitchen to the restaurant on Waterloo Station was not in working order. The speaker was not able to make his voice heard through the tube, and it was clear that there was some obstructing article in the passage itself. This proved to be the fact, and near the kitchen end a handkerchief was found which had apparently been pushed with some force into the passage, and which was certainly not there late the previous evening. The handkerchief was a lady's, though not of very fine texture, and was marked with the name "E. Camp." This was surely something more than a curious coincidence, and the police thought fit to keep the discovery a secret for the time. Some handkerchiefs were found in Miss Camp's boxes, and they were all marked with her name in exactly the same way; but it does not appear that they were of the same quality as the one so mysteriously recovered. Miss Camp's handkerchief was missing when the body was found, and although her sisters professed to be unable to recognise her writing in the name marked on the one found in the tube, I have been assured that the caligraphy was exactly similar to that on the articles which undoubtedly belonged to her. It transpired that a barmaid of the name of Camp—not the deceased—had once been engaged behind one of the bars at Waterloo Station, and it was surmised by the police that the tube handkerchief had belonged to her. It is, of course, possible that someone, having one of



They failed to identify him.

this girl's handkerchiefs in his or her possession, became alarmed on finding that the murdered woman bore the same name and initial, and had placed it where it was found, fearing that suspicion might be directed against him or herself. That is the official explanation of the incident, and we must rest content with it.

Although the young fellow named Marshall—whom the Wandsworth publican and barman had failed to identify when confronted with him at Reading—had been discharged from custody, the police kept the strictest watch on his movements and proceedings, and it was clear that they still regarded him with no inconsiderable amount of suspicion. It was rumoured that he would be again arrested before the inquest, and that remarkable evidence, tending to inculpate him, would be supplied before the coroner. This Marshall does not appear to have been at all an imbecile, yet his conduct was hardly reconcilable with perfect sanity. He had

THE SCENE AT THE INQUEST.

been given a very fair education—could keep books and write shorthand—but he had always been a great source of trouble to his parents, and seems to have been an erratic wanderer of the "Barnaby Rudge" genus. He either could not or would not at all satisfactorily account for his time on February 11, and his whole manner conveyed that he had done, or that he thought he had done, something to bring him within the clutches of the law. I am not inclined to waste many words over Marshall, for, after all, very little evidence could be brought forward that could in any way connect him with the crime, and no charge was ever brought against him; but it is none the less a fact that he was the object of a very great deal of suspicion.

Another matter of some importance to the general subject I must here touch on before I commence my special account of the proceedings at the inquest. As I have hinted before, it was never clearly established what sum of money Miss Camp had in her possession when she left town on her fatal half-holiday. It was thought by some—and the report was given credence to—that she must have taken with her some fifteen or sixteen pounds. Her employer changed a five-pound-note for her on the morning of her tragic death, and that she had other money in her possession is pretty certain. Only a small balance remained to her credit at the Post Office Savings Bank after her death, and she was known to have withdrawn a good deal at short intervals in view of her marriage. According to her sister at Hounslow—who, it will be recollected, saw her off to Waterloo—she spent nearly all she had brought with her in various purchases, and "Lizzie said she had just three shillings left," said Mrs. Haynes, "as we were waiting for the train." If that were true, away goes the theory of robbery for the motive, and back comes the sinister suggestion of some discarded lover intent on a terrible revenge, or an outwardly staid medico, fearing that his cast-off inamorata might talk and mar his professional prospects, being the real author of this deed of blood.

The murder was just on five weeks old when the inquest was resumed, but interest in the case had increased rather than abated. Crowds thronged the inside and the outside of the coroner's court where the inquiry was held, and the hope, and, in many cases, the expectation of remarkable revelations drew thousands of the morbid-minded to the neighbourhood.

The inquest was held at Lambeth, before Mr. Braxton Hicks, and proved an exhaustive, if futile, inquiry. Chief-Inspector Marshall and Inspector Conquest represented Scotland Yard and Mr. M. H. Hall appeared for the Directors of the London and South Western Railway.

The very first witness called was Mrs. Skeats, sister of the deceased, who described Miss Camp's previous history. Her father, she said, was a tobacconist's assistant and was dead, but her mother was alive, although too old and feeble

to be present. She also gave a full account of "Lizzie's" visit on February 11, relating how she had taken leave of her to go on to Hounslow. The names of two men were written on a sheet of paper and handed up to witness, who said that she recognised them as those of persons with whom Miss Camp had previously been acquainted. The witness added that she—the deceased—knew one of them eight years ago and the other, perhaps, eleven or twelve.

The other sister, Mrs. Haynes, followed. Odd as it may appear—for there were no grounds for it—some of the public appeared to regard this witness with suspicion, and she was eyed narrowly as she kissed the Book and prepared to give her evidence. She also gave the details of her sister's visit to Hounslow on the 11th. Before leaving her house for the station the deceased had given the witness 38s. altogether, which she took from a green purse. The deceased had a portmanteau and a parcel, which witness and she took to the luggage-office. She got into a second-class carriage—empty—near the rear of the train, and took a seat with her back to the engine, saying that she had "only three shillings left." At their father's death each sister had inherited £250, and Miss Camp put £225 of hers in a bank, but on the advice of Mr. Skeats invested it in some mining concern and lost the money. She had never before seen the pestle (produced). The two men, Doman and Stone — of whom the latter was arrested on suspicion—were friends of hers, but Stone's acquaintance with the deceased was of the slightest. The witness stated that deceased had lent her money at various times. They had had words over the fact that Miss Camp did not contribute towards the support of her mother, but had become good friends again.

James Thomas said that he had been a railway porter at Hounslow Station for over twenty years. He remembered seeing Mrs. Haynes and Miss Camp at the parcels office about seven-twenty on the night of the 11th. Miss Camp wanted a parcel sent to her mother at Hammersmith and a portmanteau to Walworth Road. He noticed deceased get into a second-class compartment.

George Mason, a plate-layer in the employ of the L. and S.W. Railway Company, gave evidence as to finding the pestle on the morning of the 12th at 6.15, when he got to his work. It lay about forty yards from the points of Mount Pleasant and a foot from the signal-wires. He knew nothing of any murder having been committed when he found this sinister-looking article on the line.

Fred. W. Bowles stated that he was rear-guard of the train which left Feltham for Waterloo at 7.35 on the evening of the 11th. When passing Mount Pleasant he heard a sound as if some rather heavy article—like a bottle—had been thrown from one of the carriage windows and had struck the signal-wires. He noticed no suspicious passenger at any of the stations stopped at.

William Lee, who first discovered the body of the murdered woman, was next called, and he described its appearance when he opened the carriage door. Fred Tyrell, Police-Constable 14, was summoned by Lee to the compartment and corroborated the latter's statements.

Inspector Tucker, in the service of the railway company, told how he examined the carriage and found a pair of sleeve-links lying loose on the seat where Miss Camp had evidently been sitting. They were odd ones.

Police-Sergeant H. Scott went to St. Thomas's Hospital with the body of deceased and afterwards reported the case at Kennington Road Police Station.

Police-Constable Pettitt, 263L, was on point-duty near the hospital on the night of February 11, and was called to be shown the body. He removed it to the mortuary, and there searched the clothes. The left glove was blood-stained.

The case was at this stage adjourned till Tuesday, March 23, when Edwin Collins, a railway-guard, was the first witness, and he stated that Lee came to him and said, "There is a woman dead in that train." The witness thought it better to lock the door of the carriage, as a crowd was collecting.

"The Good Intent" Tavern.

Alfred Harris was next called, and, in consequence of some rather strange rumours, he was the object of much speculation and curiosity. He proved to be an old man—the landlord of the Good Intent—and he gave his testimony in a very plain, unvarnished fashion. He stated that he first knew deceased in the year 1885, when she entered his employment as a barmaid. She did not then keep company with anyone that he knew of. She never stopped out all night or till very late at night — statements to the contrary were lies. In 1889 she went to a situation in the West End, and later in the same year to the Great Northern Hospital, and remained there till 1895, when she returned to the witness's employ. She came back as housekeeper and to assist generally in the business. The deceased stayed out all night on two occasions—once when she went to see her mother, who was ill, and once when she went to Hastings for a holiday. The only sweethearts she had whom he knew of were the barman, Brown, and the greengrocer, Berry. She had told him last Christmas that she was going to marry the latter and that she was buying things for the wedding. Deceased had a bank-book, which was handed to witness by the barmaid the day after the murder. It was Sergeant Leonard who searched the deceased's boxes. On the night of the crime Berry called, and said—this was about 9.30—"Mr. Harris, I am sorry to tell you Lizzie is dead." The witness said, "Are you sure?" and Berry replied, "Yes; she has been murdered in a railway carriage." He seemed much upset. At eleven that night Sergeant Cox came and took the witness's depositions. There was a sum of £10 standing to her credit at the Post Office Savings Bank.

The Coroner: "Is it true that you ever asked deceased to be your wife?"

Witness: "Me! No, not likely. Me, over seventy and she thirty-three! Not likely!"

The Coroner: "Well, it was so reported."

Harris went on to say that there was only one bed in Miss

Camp's room, and that she shared with Matilda White, the barmaid. The witness concluded his evidence by stating emphatically that he remained at home all day on February 11.

Matilda White, barmaid at the Good Intent, said that she and the deceased were on friendly terms She did not know of deceased ever going out to visit anyone except her mother and sisters. She broke off the engagement with Brown some time before she and Berry came to an understanding. She had never heard Miss Camp speak of anyone she knew at Reading. There was another gentleman—a surgeon in the Army, married now—who had paid her attentions many years before. On the night of the murder she gave deceased's keys to Sergeant Cox, and the boxes were opened and searched by the detectives the next morning. Nothing belonging to deceased was given away by her or anyone else. Mrs. Haynes, however, came for a night-dress of Miss Camp's, and witness gave it to her.

Two photographs of gentlemen were handed up to this witness for inspection, but she said they were perfect strangers to her.

Edith Davies said that she had been a barmaid before her marriage, and was well-acquainted with Miss Camp, who

Mr. Edward Berry.

was keeping company with Brown. The latter was a little jealous at times, but nothing to speak of.

Mrs. Emma Onley stated that she had known Mr. Harris for fourteen years and the deceased for two years. Berry and Miss Camp were on good terms. On the day before the murder the witness and the latter went out shopping together, and the dead woman bought a saddle-bag suite of furniture for £9 9s., and deposited £1 on same the next morning. She mentioned to witness where she was going that day, and that Berry was coming to meet her. Witness lent her a pair of cuffs and also the links found in the carriage. (It may be said here that these links had been detached from the cuffs, evidently by the murderer, as they were found lying loose on the cushions. The button-hole of one of the cuffs was torn.) The witness went on to say that the deceased did not have her gold watch and chain with her when she was killed; she had left them at home. Mrs. Onley was quite unable to recognise the photographs shown to her.

Edward Berry came next, and his appearance in the witness-box created some sensation. He said that he first knew Miss Camp some sixteen years before, when she was barmaid with Mr. Harris. He knew that Brown was at one time keeping company with his sweetheart. He had himself been walking out with her for ten or eleven months, and "last July we agreed to get married." He related how, according to the appointment, he went to meet the train, how he saw the body removed from the carriage, and how "something seemed to tell him" that it would prove to be that of his future wife. He had hurried on to the hospital, acting under an impulse, and there identified the remains. He had satisfactorily accounted to the police for all his time that day.

The inquiry was then adjourned till March 30, when it was found that interest in the proceedings had in no wise abated. William Brown, the oft-mentioned barman, was the first witness. He proved to be a young man of three or four-and-twenty, rather short and stout, sandy-haired, freckle-faced, and with a rather easy-going, good-natured expression. A rather pretty "actress"—Miss Cissy Lovell—accompanied him to the court, as she did afterwards to the hotel taken by Brown in the lively vicinity of "The Wood." Brown stated that, in 1895, he was barman at the Prince Albert, Walworth Road, and that while there he made the acquaintance of Miss Camp. She never spoke to witness of any other male friends. There was no particular reason why they parted—"I failed to meet her two or three times and I gave her up," said the witness. They remained good friends, and he saw her afterwards on several occasions. On the day of the murder the witness was in the Portman Arms, Edgware Road—where he was employed—all day. He was told that the police were inquiring for him, and he gave himself up and was detained, "but not arrested," till the detectives were satisfied. He added that he had about fifty letters from Miss Camp in his possession and a cabinet photograph of her. He never had any money transactions with her of any kind, and had never borrowed money from her.

George Barton, a porter at Wandsworth Station, said he was on duty at No. 2 platform on February 11, and he remembered the train in which Miss Camp travelled stopping at his station at 8.10. He was at the gate to take tickets before anyone could slip through. There were only six passengers, and he did not notice anyone in any particular hurry.

Edward Saunders, a porter, told a very different tale. He said that he was ascending the stairs of No. 2 platform at the moment the train ran in, and he observed a man coming down two or three steps at a time. He was wearing a bowler hat and a black top-coat, and went towards the Alma Tavern. The man was very slim, but he did not think he could recognise him again.

Fred Burgess, a passenger by that particular train, said that he got out at Wandsworth, and he saw a man leave a second-class compartment in a great hurry. The man was of medium height, wearing a top-hat and frock-coat, and he had a dark moustache; his age might be about thirty. The witness was of opinion that he would know him again. What he took to be a frock-coat might have been a short, dark overcoat. Sergeant Leonard, of the Criminal Investigation Department, said that on February 12 he went to the Good Intent and searched the deceased's boxes. The witness said that he had discovered that she had burnt a lot of Brown's letters two or three days before.

George Robinson, superintendent of police for the South Western Railway, produced some tickets issued on the evening of the murder. There was one second-class ticket from Hounslow to Waterloo missing, number 4,717; it was the last issued for the train by which deceased had travelled. One ticket, collected at Wandsworth—by what train he could not say—had stains like blood on it. They had traced the movements of several suspected persons.

Mr. Dyball, house-surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital on February 11, said that he remembered the deceased being brought to the hospital. She was dead, her face covered with blood, and stains of blood on her hat and jacket. He observed a wound on the back of her head which travelled to the top of the skull. The man Berry came in, looked round the screen behind which the body was lying, took one glance, said "That's enough!" and went away again.

Dr. E. W. Rowe, acting divisional surgeon of police, L Division, said the police showed him the carriage on the same night as the murder, and Lee described its appearance and that of the body. He considered that the blows were inflicted while the deceased was sitting upright, and that afterwards she must have fallen forwards on to the floor on her left side. There were only faint indications of a struggle and no indecent assault had been attempted. Her bonnet was broken in and there was blood on her cape and her gloves. Dr. Thomas Bond, surgeon to Westminster Hospital, said that he conducted the post-mortem examination

with the last witness on February 13. There were no bruises with the exception of the marks on the head, but the scalp was smashed and portions of the brain exposed. He thought there had been a rain of rapid blows, though there were four principal injuries. He thought a pestle a very likely weapon to have inflicted such wounds. The assailant could hardly have failed to be splashed with blood, and in all probability the whole attack last some sixty seconds. He did not think she could have cried out or moved after the first blow. The actual cause of death was fracture of the skull and extensive laceration of the brain.

The case was now postponed till Tuesday, April 6, and the coroner announced that he would then proceed from day to day till the inquiry was finished. The last part of the inquest assumed somewhat of a new complexion. It may be designated the "Marshall phase." That unaccountable youth suddenly stepped into a prominence which he did not at all appear to wish, and became, if not the admired of all admirers, at least the cynosure of all eyes. He sat in court looking the picture of uneasy discomfort, a dark, clean-shaven young fellow with a roving eye. The coroner requested him to remain in court and listen to the evidence, which he appeared to do with rather close attention.

A sister and his mother appeared to give evidence as to his wanderings, and they deposed how he returned home in an exhausted and woebegone condition on the afternoon of the 12th, and that he seemed irritable and out of sorts.

Herbert Ford, a barman at the Alma Tavern, Wandsworth, deposed to seeing a man enter the house on the night of the 11th between 8.30 and 9 o'clock, and to having served him with refreshment. He observed stains of what looked like blood on the man's clothing, and some questions were put to him by others in the bar. The stranger asked witness to fetch him a cab. He was asked by the coroner if he—the witness—could identify anyone then in court, but he failed to do so.

Mark Bevan, manager of the Alma, said that the man was taller than Marshall and had a moustache, but his voice was remarkably like the latter's. Witness said that young Marshall was very like the man in question, except for the absence of moustache, and he had the same shrill voice.

Walter Nield said that when he went to Reading to try to identify Marshall as the man he had seen and spoken to in the Alma he thought the voice was very similar, but he did not think so now.

A barber of the name of Clarke, who also saw the blood-stained stranger at the Alma, said that the latter's moustache was certainly not a false one.

Adjourned till next day, the proceedings were resumed with the evidence of two labourers, of whom William Ashby spoke to seeing Marshall on Friday, February 12, in Baldwin's Park, Bexley, about 2.30 p.m. He asked permission to rest himself near where the witness was working, saying that he had been walking all night and had last come from Dartford. His appearance was so singular that witness asked him what he had been up to. "Was it some Jack-the-Ripper game?" I says to him, and the youth replied, "Not so bad as that; only a love-affair." He said that he wanted to go to Clapham Junction, and offered witness a pound to fetch a cab for him, but he did not look worth so much money. He seemed excited, and said that he did not want to go near any villages or railway stations. Marshall remained talking with witness for about an hour, and then set off towards Bexley. John Acton said that Marshall explained that detectives were after him; he also asked for clothes to disguise himself as a labourer. There was no mark of blood about him that witness could see, but then he was very closely buttoned up.

MISS ELIZABETH CAMP.
The Murdered Woman.

Marshall was now himself sworn, and at first he answered all questions readily enough, but later his memory seemed to desert him, and his manner became restless and his statements incoherent. He said that, in 1895, he had lived with his brother at Walworth for a few months, but did not know the Good Intent and had never been there. Nor was he at all well acquainted with East Street. On February 11 he made up his mind, not being able to get regular employment, to enlist, and he mentioned his intention to his mother. He pawned some clothing and walked to Woking, and from there took a third-class ticket to Charing Cross, which cost him three shillings. He got out of the train at Guildford, feeling a desire to break his journey. At first he denied having given up his ticket, but later on corrected this statement and went on to say that he bought a false moustache at a shop at Guildford. He left Guildford about 6 p.m. and walked along the roadway for nine miles, and then came to a little roadside station on the Brighton line, the name of which he could not remember. He took a ticket for West Croydon, and got there, he thought, between eight and nine.

It being impossible to extract any common sense from the witness, he was told to stand down, and the coroner proceeded to sum up the case to the jury. After five minutes' consultation the foreman stated that they were agreed as to their verdict, which must be that of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

The Railway Murder of 1897 remains a mystery still. Nothing has since transpired to throw light upon the dark tragedy. The veil has yet to be lifted. The truth has yet to prevail.

A Pair of Wife Poisoners.

Two women callously killed by Morphine.

"'Twas poison that did mock the giver
What time he faced the avenging law."
—TACITUS, Annales III.

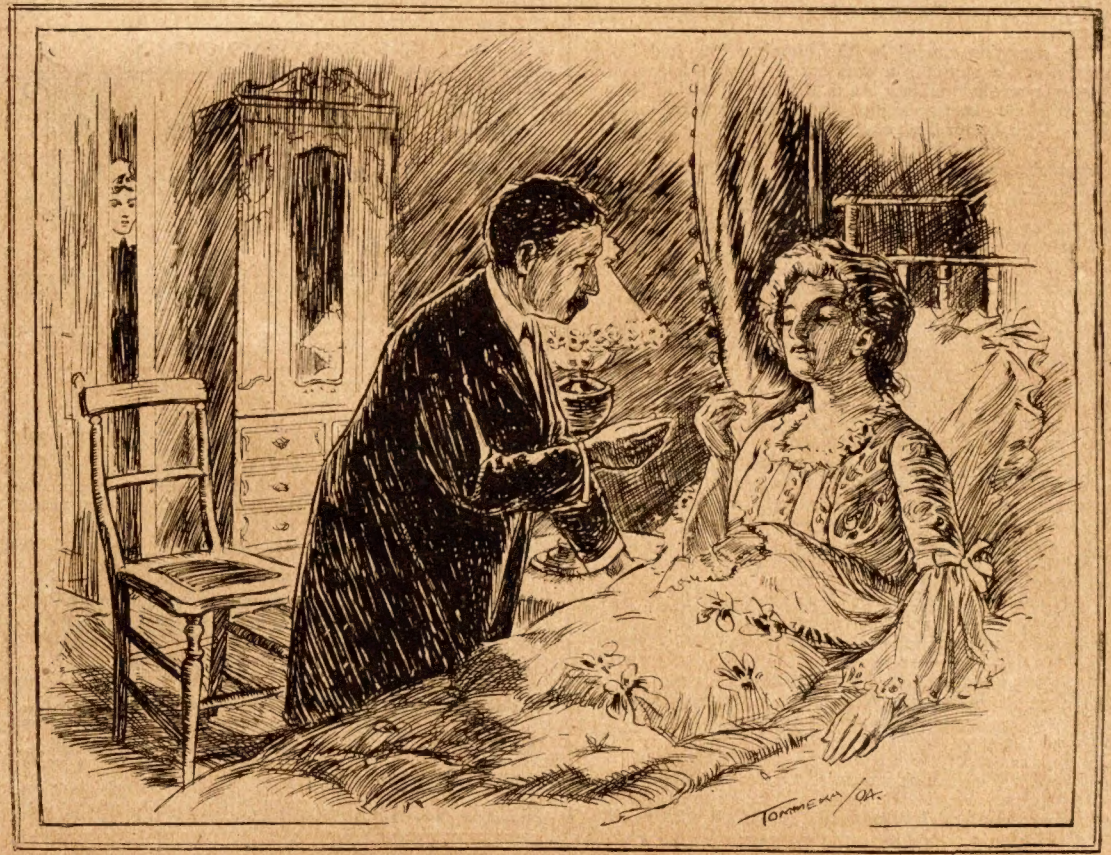
THE annals of American crime—lurid as they are in all conscience—include no more heartless deeds than those wrought by Carlyle W. Harris and Dr. Buchanan, the wife-poisoners. The motive in each case was dread of social consequences. Fear of "what the world might say" in certain eventualities was at the bottom of both crimes. The circumstances under which this brace of villains preferred to risk death in the electrocution-chair rather than face the probabilities of social ostracism differed widely; although they chose the same instrument to rid themselves of the women who stood between them and the gratification of their greedy ambition.

There died, with startling suddenness, on the first day of February, 1901, at one of New York's most select ladies' colleges, a beautiful girl, named Helen Neilson Potts. She was the daughter of a rich contractor in New Jersey, and was the darling of a doting father's heart. The official inquiry into the cause of her death revealed the fact that her untimely demise was due to an overdose of morphine. The principal of the school remembered that on the previous evening she was visited by one Carlyle W. Harris, a young medical student, who was understood to be paying his addresses to the lovely and highly-impressionable girl.

Harris made no secret of the fact that on that fateful evening he had given the lady of his professed love several pills, which he swore, contained only one-sixth of a grain of morphine. The doctors agreed that that quantity was insufficient to account for a fatal result. The coroner adopted that view, and no charge was preferred against the young man. It became a nine days' wonder with the public, who dismissed the tragedy from their mind after indulging in a variety of comments upon the carelessness of medical students generally, and of Carlyle W. Harris in particular.

But the Press remained unsatisfied with the outcome of the inquest. The "special reporter" was put upon the scent, and ere many weeks had passed had gleaned fragments of information which, when pieced together, constituted a story that might well set the callous young medical student trembling for his safety. The ubiquitous Pressman discovered that the victim of Harris's passion had married him clandestinely and in a name which was not his a year before he administered the death-dealing morphine pills.

There came a time when she knew that her condition was that in which a woman rejoices "who loves her lord." The mother of Harris's child-wife insisted upon the performance of the marriage ceremony in public. Compliance with this very natural request was more than inconvenient to the young blackguard who had betrayed her. He had grown tired of Helen and had made indecent haste to transfer what he called his affection to a rich and dashing society



GAVE THE LADY SEVERAL PILLS.

belle. The comparison of his new conquest with the quiet, trusting little schoolgirl who had yielded up to him her all decided him to prevent the publication sought by his mother-in-law at all hazards. True, he pretended to fall in with her views, and finally assented to the proposal that the open ceremony should take place on February 8, 1891. Just a week before that date poor Helen was stricken dead by poison.

These details were published far and wide, and the police authorities found no difficulty in deciding upon the arrest of young Harris, who was making strong running with the society belle. The body of the girl was exhumed, and it was found upon examination to contain no less than five grains of morphine, a quantity sufficient to have encompassed her death. The prisoner repeated his confession that he had given pills containing morphia to his wife; but protested that they were, as far as he knew, harmless. The pills were of the capsule order, and the theory of the prosecution was that the poisoner had opened one of these and filled it with the five grains of morphine which killed the hapless Helen.

Even this theory might not have prevailed had not the heartless young scamp unbosomed himself to a friend. Said he in a burst of confidence, "Why, my announcement of my marriage with Helen Potts would absolutely ruin my social prospects!" Then he added the words which sealed his doom: "I would kill her myself before I would let our marriage be known."

Then came the question of character and antecedents, and Harris, in the cant phrase of the hour, was done for. It was proved that he was a chartered libertine, a reckless gambler, and a hopeless drunkard. It was shown, too, that he was under indictment for running a gambling hell. Carlyle W. Harris was in sorry case. The evidence against him was overwhelming. The trial was prolific in sensational revelations, and when Recorder Smyth sentenced him to die in the electrocution chair there was not a soul in court who questioned the justice of the dread pronouncement. His conviction was a triumph for the American Press, for had the fact of his secret marriage not been dragged up to the light by the reporters, Carlyle W. Harris might at this hour be successfully planning the murder of the society belle who was rescued from his clutches by their persistent vigilance and research. As it was, he died the most ignominious of deaths at the hands of the public executioner.

The sensation caused by the Harris crime had barely abated when a new horror was sprung upon the American newspaper-reading public. As in the case of Helen Harris, the wife of Dr. Buchanan died after a brief and inexplicable illness. The doctor had clothed himself with such an air of eminent respectability that when the hapless lady was found lifeless not the smallest suspicion attached to him in the matter. A couple of friendly medicos were called in, and, after listening to a statement by Buchanan, certified that the cause of death was "cerebral hemorrhage." All that was mortal of Dr. Buchanan's wife was duly committed to its last resting-place in the Greenwood Cemetery.

Again the Press refused to be satisfied with the certificate. Again the reporters set out upon the war-path, and soon, as they did whilst tracking Carlyle W. Harris to his doom, were rewarded for their labour with a collection of damning facts concerning Dr. Buchanan's past. The immediate result of their investigation was to determine the authorities to set detectives to watch the grave of the dead wife. They clearly feared exhumation, and that not by the police, at this juncture at all events.

The knights of the pen discovered that the once flourishing practitioner had been divorced from one wife, largely in consequence of his patronage of a certain notorious establishment in Newark, U.S.A. The proprietress of this house of evil reputation had amassed a fortune. Dr. Buchanan coveted her possessions, and, finding that it was not practicable to secure the dollars apart from their owner he took the lady and her wealth for better or worse.

As in the cases of most marriages of the kind, when the parties to it had assisted each other in dissipating the ill-gotten gains, bitter recriminations and open rows ensued. At length the lady declared her intention to return to her old life in her own town, Newark. She declared that she was sick of his hypocrisy and his mercenary meanness, and preferred any degradation to remaining with him. These facts the alert reporters dug out after the interment of Mrs. Buchanan. The doctor violently opposed her plan. She was obdurate. He was terrified by the prospect of the professional and social ruin which awaited him if his wife were permitted to put her threat into execution. She did not relent. She announced her intention of leaving for Newark, where she had taken a house, on April 24, 1892. On April 3, 1892, she was a corpse, and the doctors declared that cerebral hemorrhage had killed her.

An autopsy had been demanded immediately after death, but the certifying doctors pooh-poohed the idea of its necessity. It was a clear case of cerebral hemorrhage, said they. Besides, the woman's father had died of cerebral hemorrhage. This kind of testimony, however, did not put the reporters to sleep. They proved that the suggestion as to the cause of death had been accepted from Dr. Buchanan without question or examination of any sort. They raked up evidence as to the frequency and bitterness of the quarrels between the doctor and his wife on the subject of her reverting to her old life. They produced abundant testimony to show that Buchanan was fully cognisant of the date upon which she intended to depart for Newark—and worse.

Another strong link in the chain of evidence with which the doctor was gradually being encircled was the testimony of a nurse who swore that she saw the sick woman swallow a spoonful of medicine handed to her by her husband, and that she at once asked for a sweet orange to take the bitter taste out of her mouth. Upon the strength of this evidence the body was exhumed. Examination proved that there was no suspicion of cerebral hemorrhage, and that, in fact, the brain was free from disease of any kind. In the stomach there were distinct traces of morphine—a fact which strengthened the recollection of the nurse as to the dead woman's complaint about the bitterness of the taste of the draught administered by her husband. It was a death potion.

It should, perhaps, be admitted here that the fact that Buchanan returned to his divorced wife in Nova Scotia, and re-married her there, convinced the reporter-detectives that the eminently respectable New York physician—he returned after his nuptials to the scene of his second wife's death—was not all that he seemed. Anyhow, the publication of the marriage notice heightened their suspicions.

The jury did not hesitate to convict Buchanan of a cruel murder, and the judge unfalteringly pronounced the death sentence. There can be little doubt that but for the efforts of the reporters this callous scoundrel would have escaped the fate he so richly deserved. As in the case of Carlyle W. Harris, his Nemesis was the Press.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

The Magistrate was Dense.

A CONSTABLE was giving evidence before a London magistrate, and was endeavouring to explain that someone in the case had turned King's evidence.

"And," said the constable, "the prisoner said, your honour, as how somebody had 'blown the gaff.'"

His Honour: "What does that mean?"

Constable: "Why, given him away, your honour."

His Honour: "And what may that mean?"

Constable: "Why, rounded on him, sir."

His Honour: "I am still ignorant of your meaning, my man."

Constable: "Why, your honour, he meant as how he had peached on him—squealed, your honour."

And it was not until the clerk had explained the meaning of the "technicalities" that the magistrate had the smallest idea of what the officer meant.

Replies to Queries

OAKLEY.—Christo Baumbos, a Greek sailor, was tried for the murders on board the "Caswell." One thousand pounds was realised for the families of the murdered men by the exhibition of the vessel.

ST. ANDREWS.—A man killed his child at Edinburgh in July, 1878 while in a somnambulistic condition. At the trial this was clearly proved, but the unfortunate man was "discharged with a caution."

B. S.—The murder was committed at Farnham and is well remembered. He murdered his little girl because she refused to fetch him any more beer. This occurred in the "seventies," and the man was hanged.

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